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Commonwealth of Nations—IX

The Making of Modern Ireland

By J. J. HORGAN

A GREAT Irishman once said that Irish history was for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget. I must, therefore, without apology, begin by reminding you that modern Ireland is to an extent which few of you realise the result of English policy in the past, which killed our once flourishing industries, penalised our religion, and culminated in 1800 by corruptly destroying even our Parliament, which at that time was limited to our English colonists, when it began to assert its freedom. We were not allowed to practise any other form of industry, and so we turned to agriculture; but here also we were crippled by a system of land tenure imposed on us from without by conquest. Irish discontent is, therefore, not entirely due to Irish perversity. To understand the Irish Free State of today we must remember the Ireland of yesterday. Since the Act of Union, in 1800, which transferred the government of Ireland from Dublin to Westminster, the Irish people have never ceased to agitate for the restoration of their Parliament. This agitation has not always been constitutional, but it has been continuous and unceasing. Sometimes it has been secondary to agitation about religious and economic grievances, but the ultimate aim of the people was never concealed. Its justice was recognised by England in the Home Rule Bills of 1886, 1893 and 1912, none of which, unfortunately, were put into force. Whilst it is true that the overwhelming majority of the Irish people sought the

restoration of their Parliament, it is also true that a substantial minority consistently and strongly opposed this demand. This minority, largely Protestant by religion, resides chiefly in the north-east corner of Ireland, in the area now governed by the Ulster Parliament. It was the persistent refusal of this compact minority to submit to a Dublin Parliament which led, in 1912, to the creation of the Ulster Volunteers under Sir Edward Carson and the late Lord Birkenhead. The toleration of the Ulster Volunteers by the English Government in turn led to the creation of the Irish Volunteers in the south. The rapid growth of this body alarmed the Irish leaders of the old constitutional tradition, led by that great Irishman, John Redmond. They sought to control this rapidly-growing force of armed men, but were handicapped by the outbreak of the European War, in which Irish soldiers played a gallant part. Dissatisfied by the failure of constitutional methods, the extreme Nationalist element broke away from the main body of the Irish Volunteers, led the insurrection of 1916, and afterwards conducted a guerilla warfare, which culminated in the Treaty of 1921 between England and Ireland.

It is now almost exactly twelve years since that fateful night when this Treaty was signed at Downing Street and the Irish Free State was born. Like most treaties, it was a compromise. During the preliminary negotiations Mr. De Valera had claimed the recognition of Ireland as an independent state associated with the British Commonwealth, and had finally agreed 'to examine how the association of

Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire could be best reconciled with Irish national aspirations'. This formula did not imply on the part of England a complete renunciation of its control, or, on the part of Ireland, an admission of allegiance. Unfortunately, it was capable of two interpretations. Mr. Lloyd George translated 'the association of Ireland' with the Commonwealth as meaning 'within' the Commonwealth, while Mr. De Valera, on his side, was determined only to accept an external association, and, for him, 'with' therefore meant 'outside the Commonwealth'. It is this demand for external association which is still the basis of his policy. The English representatives, profoundly distrusting logic when applied to politics, and believing in compromise, found it difficult to understand the logical demands and the suspicious mentality of the Irish delegates, who, on their part, remembered many broken promises in the past. Apart from these fundamental differences, serious difficulties also arose during the negotiations concerning the oath of allegiance to the Crown and the position of Northern Ireland. The oath was finally agreed to in a form modified to meet Irish susceptibilities. After two months of negotiation, the Treaty was signed, but not before Mr. Lloyd George had pointed out that the alternative was an immediate renewal of military operations in Ireland.

You will appreciate that both sides risked much. The English risked political existence; the Irish, life itself. The Treaty provided that the Irish Free State should have the same constitutional status as the self-governing Dominions, with the usual parliamentary form of government. The six northern counties of Ulster, already referred to, in which the British Parliament had set up in 1920 a subordinate Parliament with limited powers, were given the choice of contracting out if they desired; and, as you know, they did so. The oath of allegiance afterwards became the subject of continuous contention in the Free State, and has now been removed from the Constitution by Mr. De Valera's Government.

The ink of the signatures was, however, hardly dry when the Sinn Féin Party, which then dominated Irish political life, was split from head to foot by Mr. De Valera's repudiation of the Irish representatives' action. There followed a long debate on the Treaty in the Dail, its final acceptance by the small majority of seven votes, interminable attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable, and, finally, a general election, in which the majority of the people declared decisively for the Treaty. Then came chaos and civil war, which left a permanent legacy of personal hatreds and bitterness. This catastrophe, both moral and material, ended in the informal cessation of hostilities in April, 1923. During its progress, Arthur Griffith (the

political father of the Free State and the first President of the Executive Council) had died; Michael Collins, its military leader, had been killed in a wayside ambush. On the other side many brave leaders, like Erskine Childers and Liam Lynch, had been killed or executed.

The government of the infant state then devolved upon a group of young men, whose leaders were Mr. William T. Cosgrave (who succeeded Griffith as President) and the late Kevin O'Higgins. The Free State Parliament, which consists of two Houses, the Dail, or Chamber of Deputies, and the Senate, met for the first time in December, 1922, and the Cosgrave Government, then elected, with certain changes in personnel, remained in office till February,

1932, having in the meantime survived three general elections. There were moments during those ten years when grave decisions had to be taken. Such crises arose during the civil war, when the Northern boundary dispute had to be finally adjusted in 1925; when Kevin O'Higgins was assassinated in 1927; and shortly afterwards when Mr. De Valera and his party first entered the Dail. These dangerous and critical situations were handled with courage, dignity, and determination. When they handed over power to their successors, the Cosgrave Government could claim, with considerable truth, that, by their policy of scientific tariffs, improved agricultural production and conservative finance, they had placed the economic life of the country on a sound basis. They could also state with truth that they had found the country in a state of



An Irish thatcher at work
Mr. De Valera's Government are seeking to revitalise old crafts with a view to providing employment at home instead of depending on emigration

chaos, and left office with order restored and justice and civil liberty established. In external affairs they could point to the Statute of Westminster as embodying the full fruits of their policy, which had aimed at achieving the co-equal status of all the states in the British Commonwealth. They could also point to the position of the Free State on the Council of the League of Nations as proving that Ireland had once more taken her rightful place among the nations. They forgot, however, that good government is no substitute for popular government, and, like all governments long in office, they neglected their organisation and lost touch with the electorate. Their legislation had annoyed many powerful interests. Their policy was definitely conservative. They were accused of being too accommodating to England. They enforced the law without fear or favour. All these things, and a very natural desire to give Mr. De Valera a chance of showing what he could do, contributed to their fall. Their attitude towards the British Commonwealth, although friendly, was also definitely independent in tendency and practice. For example, they insisted that the appointment of a Governor-General should be made by the King on their exclusive advice, without any intervention on the part of the British Government; and they

insisted that the Governor-General was the representative of the Crown, and not the representative or agent of the British Government. They also successfully claimed the right of direct access and advice to the King. Again, the Free State, under Mr. Cosgrave's Government, was the first Dominion exclusively to use its own national flag and national anthem—a relatively small, but intensely significant fact. They pressed for the aboli-



Two methods of utilising Ireland's natural resources: To meet the coal ban, Mr. De Valera's Government have made the use of peat compulsory for all except industrial purposes

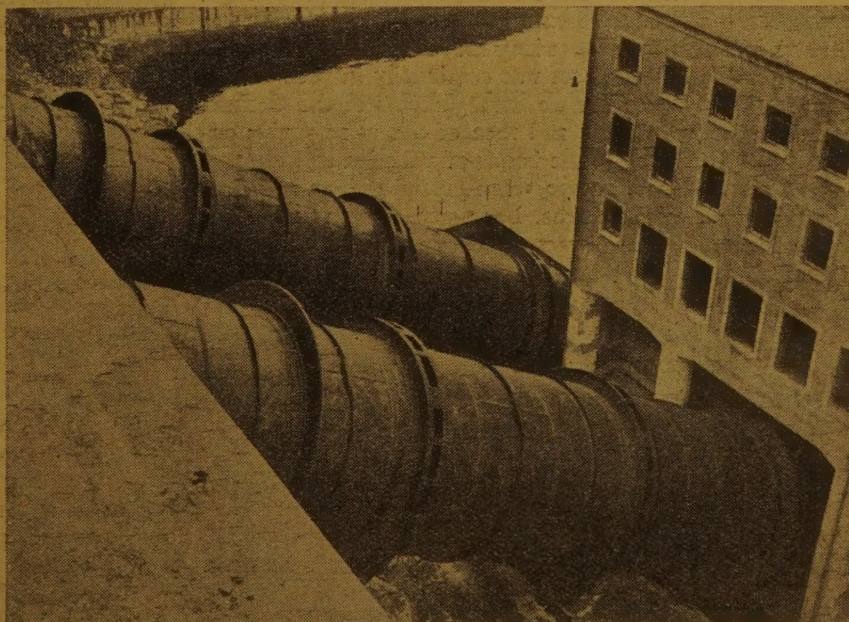
tion of the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which, in their view, was a relic of the old colonial empire, no longer justified or desirable. This right Mr. De Valera's Government have now abolished. These developments and others show that Mr. De Valera's policy is, in many respects, only an extension of Mr. Cosgrave's; with this important difference, that whilst Mr. Cosgrave proceeded by negotiation and mutual agreement with Great Britain to enlarge our freedom, and was content that the Free State should remain, technically at least, within the Commonwealth, Mr. De Valera has altered the Treaty without negotiation, which he claims he is now legally entitled to do under the statute of Westminster, and aims at the ultimate creation of an all-Ireland Republic, allied to, or associated with, the Commonwealth. I know it is hard for English people to understand why Mr. De Valera is not satisfied with the equality and freedom which now exist within the Commonwealth. The real reason is that he feels that this relationship, so far as the Free State is concerned, is not spontaneous and free. His demand for external association with the Commonwealth is therefore the expression of his resolve to get rid of everything which seems to him to be inconsistent with the right of Ireland to determine her own destiny. This demand is in essence exactly similar to Hitler's insistence upon equality in disarmament, and springs from the same sense of inferiority and grievance which in the Irish case goes back for centuries.

At the General Election, in February, 1932, Mr. De Valera's party, Fianna Fail, with the support of Labour, were returned to power with a majority of seven. Like that of Mr. Cosgrave, the new Government is on the whole composed of young men. Its leader, Mr. Eamon De Valera, is just fifty-one, having been born in New York of a foreign father and an Irish mother, in the year 1882. Irish political opinion runs to extremes. According to Mr. De Valera's opponents, he is incapable of giving a straight answer to a straight question, and has

no sense of humour. His foreign name and origin make him an easy butt for popular gibes, but also increase his romantic appeal, whatever his motive. The way in which he has had to come down from the heights of principle to the low land of opportunism has inevitably laid his policy open to the charge that his object is to keep in power at any price. However that may be, he has inspired and led his party, which comprises all classes of society, out of the wilderness into office, and commands their loyalty and affection. He is undoubtedly their principal asset. He regards the Treaty as a settlement imposed by force, which is not binding, and can be varied as and when opportunity occurs. He believes himself to be a man with a mission, destined to secure the independence of Ireland. For the moment, he is content to seek this end by easy stages. But he is willing to co-operate with Great Britain if this position is recognised. Like many outstanding personalities in modern Europe, he fails to realise the passion he arouses in those who sympathise with him, and the alarm he creates in those who differ from him. Ireland, he declares, must recall men to forgotten truths, and place before them the ideals of justice, of order, of freedom rightly used, and of Christian brotherhood. His economic aims, if vague in detail, are clear in outline. He wants to ruralise and decentralise industry. He envisages a frugal Ireland, where no man will be rich, and no man hungry. He belongs to that class of mankind with whom one cannot argue, but must only agree or disagree. Elected to office in 1932 on a programme which promised as its main features the abolition of the oath of allegiance and the retention of the land annuities paid by the Irish farmers to the English Treasury in repayment of the loans raised to provide the money for the purchase of their holdings, he promptly and naturally proceeded to put this

policy into effect. As you are aware the result has been increasing friction between England and the Irish Free State, which has led to a tariff war between the two countries. For this policy Mr. De Valera received an increased majority at a second election in January of this year.

To meet this new situation he has created, he proposes to



The great Shannon power scheme has resulted in the supply of cheap electricity throughout the Irish Free State: the penstocks shown here (each 40 metres long and 6 metres in diameter) conduct the waters to the turbines in the power houses

make the Free State self-contained and self-supporting. He aims at decreasing unemployment by effective protection for all goods which are, or could be, manufactured in the Free State; by the decentralisation of industry; and by changing the whole agricultural economy of the country. Wheat-growing is to be substituted for cattle-raising, and we are to cease to be England's ranch and dairy farm. Our population is at last

(Continued on page 882)

Art

The Art of the Vikings

By T. D. KENDRICK

THE arts of the Celtic lands and of Scandinavia had this much in common during the Dark Ages, that their excellence depended on the safeguarding of a fickle and easily distracted native genius against the wiles of continental fashion. They were, in truth, both of them *barbarian arts*, though this may well sound a rather irreverent description of the lovely works produced by early monastic Ireland; but the meaning is clear—they were both on the edge of the world wherein classical art progressed through Carolingian, Ottonian, Italian, and Byzantine phases, and neither of them was strong enough to stand aside from this mainstream of European art. They aped it, and whenever they did, they fell from grace, as is the way with barbarian art. Only when they copied from one another and exchanged patterns executed in their own hard outlandish idiom did they benefit by the culture-contacts that the rush and turmoil of the Viking Period made inevitable.

Of the two, Celtic art fared better, and it was the Vikings, sailing east to Russia and Byzantium, south-west to Frisia and Francia, and west-over-sea to England, Scotland, the harbour-towns of Ireland, whose art was continually in peril of disruption. Again and again we have glimpses of the German artistic genius unfettered, and then of this same genius enthralled and impotent in the bonds of a foreign and classical taste. The conflict, of course, was fundamental, and not just an affair of borrowed designs. For northern art was in essence something abstract, a delicate weaving of lifeless elements into a cold, enchanting mockery of living forms; whereas in the mainland art men cared

more for the organic qualities of these forms, and invested with breath and substance those bodies that the northerner would keep as a thin and monstrous wraith.

At the dawn of the Viking Period, that is to say in the very late eight and early ninth century, we find in existence in the north a developed form of the beloved abstract art in a state of almost startling purity, that was the result of two centuries of comparative isolation and tranquillity. This is the animal-ornament of the Late Vendel style—an entirely native and northern idiom, crisp, intricate, and masterful, that was the heritage of the Vikings from their ancestors. But as soon as the first outpouring of the northmen takes place (A.D. 835-65), we see this art stricken down in a struggle with alien motives, and afterwards irrevocably altered by the force of them.

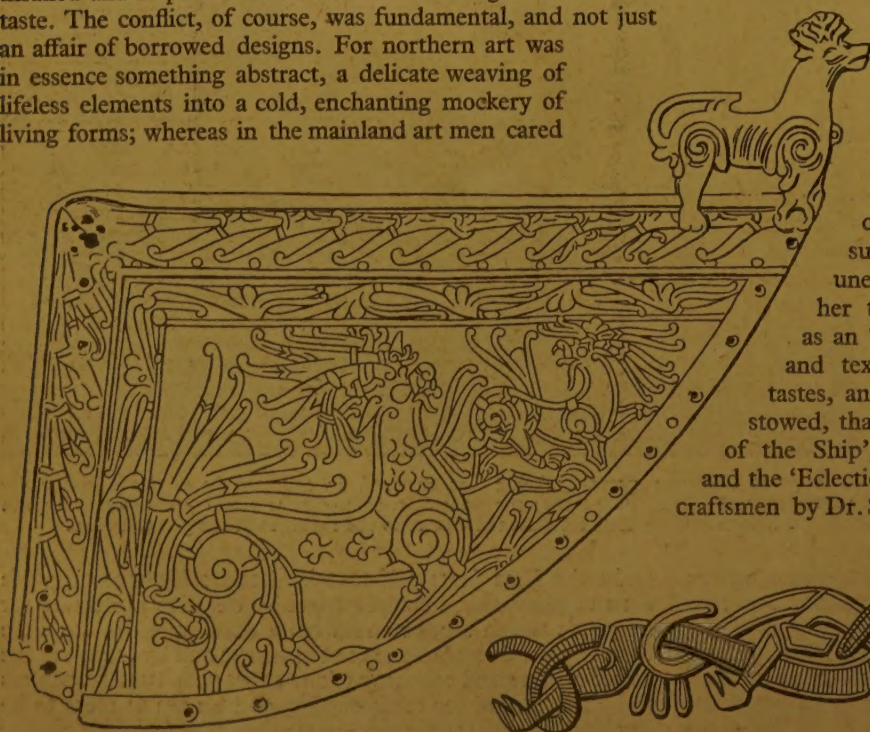
Norway possesses one particularly rich and astonishing store of treasures illustrating the Scandinavian art of the first half of the ninth century. This is the remarkable collection formed by Queen Asa, who was buried with her bondwomen and her furniture and her personal belongings in the 'Oseberg Ship' beneath a great barrow on the Vestfold side of the Oslo fjord. The excavation of the barrow took place in 1904, and those who have visited this lovely vessel, now housed on Bygdö, and have seen the large gallery in the Oslo Museum containing the Queen's sumptuous possessions, will agree that the Oseberg find is to be numbered among the most thrilling archaeological discoveries ever made in Europe. But it is not its surprising richness that matters here; it is the unexpected fact that the Queen had taken with her to the grave what may fairly be described as an 'Art Gallery' collection of the wood-carving and textiles of her day; for so catholic were her tastes, and so extensive was the patronage she bestowed, that the work of the 'Academist', the 'Master of the Ship', the 'Baroque Master', the 'Impressionist', and the 'Eclectic Master' (to use the names given to the chief craftsmen by Dr. Shetelig of Bergen), provides us beyond doubt



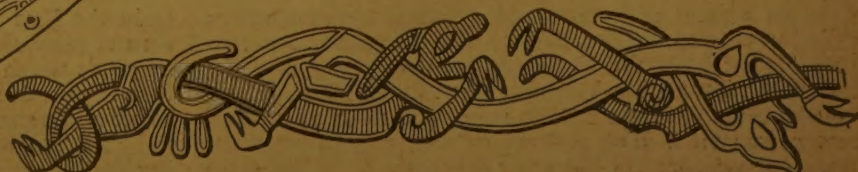
Detail of bronze brooch from Kaasta, Sweden, showing animal ornament in 'Late Vendel' style
From 'A History of the Vikings', by T. D. Kendrick (Methuen)



Drawing of 'Great Beast' design from Harald Gormsson's memorial-stone, Jellinge, Denmark



Drawing of bronze weather-vane from Hedden, Norway



'Jellinge'-style animal: detail of harness-trapping from Mammen, Denmark

with a complete epitome of the northern art-fashions during the Queen's lifetime.

The Late Vendel animal-drawing is represented, but the new influence from Carolingian art, introducing a little modelled 'lion' form, known in the north as the 'Gripping Beast', together with strapwork frames and a medallion-arrangement of the pattern, is so strong that very quickly we pass beyond the stage in which the 'Gripping Beast' and the Late Vendel animal appear side by side, to a stage of deliberate fusion of the styles, and, finally, to the 'Oseberg Baroque' style of the middle ninth century, a crowded, swaggering, and rather uncertain pattern of creatures that is as intricate and ingenious as it is, on the whole, unsuccessful. In metalwork, however, we do find this Baroque style to some extent under control, and there are a few openwork tortoise-brooches of bronze to show what the Viking, if left to himself, might have made of the



Animal-headed post from the Oseberg Ship (Baroque style)

Photograph: National Museum, Oslo

influence of the west and too remote to take advantage of her Byzantine orientation, there was continued experiment with 'Gripping Beast' designs until a new and considerable change in Danish art in the second half of the tenth century profoundly affected the whole Scandinavian peninsula.

This was the dual appearance of the Mammen style and the 'Great Beast' Style, both revealing a sudden vogue for formulae that were in origin classical. Thus the Mammen style is primarily a pattern of heavy acanthus-scrolls, sometimes issuing from and framing the Jellinge animal. In the other style the antique animal is abandoned, and we find introduced into Danish work the stiff-necked, spirited 'Anglian Beast', copied, no doubt, from the English stone crosses. The best-known example is on the rune-stone set up at Jellinge in Jutland by King Harald Gormsson about A.D. 980. Here we see the beast in his new northern form; he is engaged in combat with the serpent, and displays proudly his luxurious acanthus-appendages. This is a very remarkable carving (as



Carvings on Urnes Church, Sogn fjord, Norway

Photograph: National Museum, Oslo

new continental fashions introduced before the Queen died.

But the Viking of the second half of the ninth century and of the early tenth was very far from being left alone. This was the period of the establishment of the Danelaw in England, the ravaging of Francia and Frisia, of renewed attacks upon Ireland, and of fresh enterprises in the East. It is not surprising that another change in northern art is discernible after the rush and turmoil of conquest is over, and so it comes about that our next store of material, mostly dating from the days of the Viking decline in the middle tenth century, shows us a new 'Borre' style in Norway and a new 'Jellinge' style in Denmark. In spite of the occasional appearance of the acanthus motive in northern work, this time it is not so much the classical Carolingian art that is responsible for the change as the influence of Irish and Hiberno-Saxon art, and of its continental counterpart. The most striking alteration took place in Denmark, where the northern animal re-assumed in its Jellinge form the flowing, ribbon-like qualities that it lost during its struggle with the jerky, acrobatic 'Gripping Beast'; that is to say, the Danish tenth-century creature ceases to be something organic and lifelike, and gains by its translation into what is, after all, mere abstract pattern. In Norway, however, the Borre style is more closely connected with the preceding Baroque style, and it is the Celtic interlacing, rather than the Celtic animal, that contrives to give rhythm and a new turn to the established art. In Sweden, less subject to the direct



Rune-stone, Ardre, Island of Gotland

Photograph: National Museum, Stockholm

is also the enmeshed Christ on another face), and it marks a turning-point in the art history of the North. For thenceforward the 'Great Beast' and the acanthus- and serpent-scrolls absorbed the attention of the Viking designer, and traditional motives faded into insignificance. We have reached the period when in England the Winchester school of manuscript-illumination had perfected its own system of rich acanthus pattern, so that in this country the imitative 'Ringerike' style appears, which was destined to spread over the whole North in the days of the conquest by Svein and Cnut. The 'Great Beast' himself is caught up in these pervasive scrolls, and we have a fine example in London, the runestone found in St. Paul's churchyard and now in the Guildhall Museum. There are other very beautiful designs of the period in metal-work, notably the Viking weather-vanes.



Viking gravestone from St. Paul's Churchyard, London, now in the Guildhall Museum

In Norway the 'Great Beast' has another re-appearance in the middle of the eleventh century in what is known as the 'Urnes' style, wherein the heavy acanthus-scrolls give way to a delicate stringy interlace of serpentine forms that reminds us of that country's close connection with Ireland. In much the same guise the 'Great Beast' survives in Sweden, where, side by side with patterns that are in the Ringerike manner, there is a distinct 'rune-stone' style that shows us the mighty animal still retaining the ribbon form that must have origin-

ally been due to Jellinge influence. In this style we find some of the most gracious designs ever executed in the North, many of them easily surpassing the handsome, but rather heavy example on the famous monument known as the third Andre stone.

Voluntary Social Service in Britain

Pioneers in Social Service

By MARJORIE GRAVES, M.P.

THE tradition of voluntary social service is deeply rooted in the past of the British race. It comes partly from the humanitarian instinct and partly from the instinct which seeks to limit and supplement absolute authority by harnessing it to the commonsense of the ordinary man. As long ago as the twelfth century, the ordinary man was part of the judicial system of the country. Then, as now, a jury was sworn in. In the early days it consisted of twelve good men and true from each hundred or division of a county and four from each township. And this jury had to decide whether or no the charge against the accused person was a true charge, or true bill as it was called. And they had then to give a verdict on the case. But very soon this double duty was divided into more or less the shape it has assumed in recent times. The duty of deciding whether a charge against a person constituted a case to be tried in the Courts fell to the citizens who were called a Grand Jury, and the responsibility of giving a verdict on a case at the conclusion of the trial became the duty of the twelve good men and true of the Common Jury. The jury system gives us an example of voluntary service to the State which has been an essential part of English justice for seven hundred years.

Another early example of voluntary social service to the State is the association of laymen with the English judicial system as magistrates in the Lower Courts of Justice. About the same time that the jury system started, Justices of the Peace were appointed by the King to off-set the growing power of the Sheriffs and to help in the administration of justice in the lower Courts. It is interesting to find in these appointments another indication of the instinct to harness authority to the lay mind. Originally, all the Justices of the Peace of the County or lesser district assembled every quarter for the business of administering justice. This is the origin of Quarter Sessions. Later their administrative functions were extended to the Petty Sessions. These are the Courts of first instance. Petty Sessions also serve as an investigation court for most of the cases which go to higher courts for judgment. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, when the population of the towns was much enlarged by industrial expansion, the magistrates' work became too heavy for the time which the Justices of the Peace could spare from their occupations. So in the big towns, stipendiary or salaried magistrates were appointed to conduct the Courts of first instance. With this exception, Justices of the Peace are unpaid, and they have given their services to the State since the reign of Edward I.

In many ways the City of London has been the model for

civic organisation throughout the country. The earliest mention of any governing body in London dates from the reign of Alfred the Great. King Alfred appointed his son-in-law an Alderman of London. It is not known how this governing body functioned, but we do know something about the Portreeve, or Lord Mayor, and the burgesses of London at the time of the Conquest. There is a famous Charter now in Guildhall in which William the Conqueror confirms the City's rights and privileges. These rights and privileges have always carried with them very heavy civic responsibilities. For instance, Public Health in the Middle Ages, when there were no drains, and when the dreaded plague made one of its periodic visitations, was as deep an anxiety to the City Fathers as it is in these days of the scientific prevention of pestilence and the hygienic treatment of the problems of dense population. The upkeep and lighting of the streets was not the heavy responsibility in old days that it is now, and free education is another heavy civic and county responsibility of recent development. Valuation and assessment and housing also are modern additions to Local Government work. But the conduct of the affairs of the City of London for a thousand years has been the voluntary work of citizens with their living to earn, and with only a limited amount of spare time. Today the Corporation of London, at whose head is the Lord Mayor, consists of 26 Aldermen and 206 Common Councillors. In addition to the Common Council there are 32 committees, all devoted to the public administration of the square mile of the City. This is the general plan of Local Government which has been followed during the centuries by cities and towns throughout the country. The County Councils first started in 1889. The Chairman holds the same position as a Lord Mayor or Mayor of a city or town. The County Councillors are an unpaid body of elected representatives from each division of the County. The work is done by sub-committees, and the County Councils are responsible for the public health, highways, education, valuation and assessment, and housing of the country districts throughout Great Britain. The London County Council is responsible for local government throughout the County of London, with the exception of the City of London.

Social service in connection with hospitals has a very interesting history. The endowed hospitals have long been managed by men and women who give these services free. The unendowed hospitals have depended in some cases for their foundation, and in all cases for their maintenance, on the devotion of those who have the raising of their funds. When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, he also suppressed those hospitals which

depended on the monasteries, but he left the hospitals which were attached to cathedrals and governed by their clergy, such as St. Cross at Winchester and St. Mary at Chichester. And these buildings, now used as almshouses, give a clear picture still of the mediaeval treatment of the sick. The suppression of the ancient hospitals of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield and St. Thomas on the south side of the river caused fearful hardship and suffering to the sick poor of London. And we find the citizens petitioning Henry VIII almost at once to re-found St. Bartholomew's Hospital with money obtained from the confiscation of the monasteries, and to make them, the citizens of London, responsible for its management. In the same way, St. Thomas' Hospital was re-founded and put under the management of London citizens. Bethlehem Hospital, or Bedlam, which had long sheltered the insane, was similarly re-founded.

The next hospital to be endowed in England was Guy's Hospital. Thomas Guy was a bookseller and a publisher, and a Governor of St. Thomas', and when he died he left his fortune made in the South Sea Bubble to found and endow a hospital. Meanwhile, in Edinburgh, the Medical Faculty of Edinburgh University called a meeting and raised enough money to buy a small house in Robertson's Close and put six beds in it. This small house was the start of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. The doctors and surgeons were unpaid. Aberdeen followed suit and the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow was founded soon after. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century the London sick-poor seem to have been a little better looked after than the unfortunate sick-poor of the rest of England. It is estimated that until well into the century no less than twenty-three of the principal English counties were without general hospitals. Then, however, the inhabitants of various towns began to provide the sick-poor with some sort of medical treatment. The gradual spread of the hospital movement meant that an increasing number of people, representative of all classes, became concerned with the responsibility of managing and maintaining voluntary hospitals. The first hospital without any endowments and supported solely on voluntary subscriptions was the Westminster Hospital. This hospital also established the principle that the medical staff should be given, not paid for, and that patients should be treated free. The start of the hospital emphasises how much is owed to the devoted citizen. In 1740, a little group of men met at the Swan Tavern. Headed by John Harrison, a surgeon, they started a hospital where the subscriber was given a vote. When John Harrison and those with him started the Westminster Hospital, they started the idea of the committees which now manage hospitals.

When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, the provision for the care of the destitute, who

cases of destitution, and, on the other, the setting of a price upon improvidence by the wholesale practice of giving door relief in aid of wages. This supplement to wages kept them very low. The Commissioners recommended after a given date the 'Workhouse Test' should be applied against all able-bodied applicants for relief, except in cases of medical attendance. They also recommended a drastic reform in the administration of the Poor Law by the formation of parishes into unions, the concentration of workhouses, and the separation of the sexes in these workhouses. Finally, the Royal Commission recommended the formation of a non-political Central Poor Law Board to control the system about to be created. With these modifications the proposed Poor Law Reform Bill was passed.



A ward at St. Bartholomew's Hospital
From *The Romance of the Hospital*
by D. Evans and L. G. ...

kept from starvation to a great extent by the VI's and Queen Mary's relief. The system resolved itself into the poor law system. The Acts threatening slavery, and the system of rating, not unnaturally, led to the system of rating at last admitted. The poor and instituted system lasted until 1834. The rates to be applied for relief for the poor. The Elizabethan system. And in 1834 the system reported. The system came to

a woman brought up in the sheltered life of that period, when we remember the unspeakable horrors and diseases which were then part and parcel of life behind the prison walls estimate the work of this great servant of humanity. Wilberforce's name is associated with nearly all the great social movements of his day. This year is the centenary



Commons, was not afraid to say that 'We owe to the poor of our land a mighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and many of them are so; but that improvidence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect and not a little of our example'. At that time, the Education Committee of the Privy Council were considering a grant of £40,000, which they eventually made to the voluntary schools of the National, and the British and Foreign Societies which, excepting Sunday and Charity Schools, represented the only means of education throughout Britain. When we note this sum we must remember that the Budget for that year ran into millions.

One of the difficulties in the way of free popular education was the difference of opinion about the character of this education, whether it should be on strictly secular lines, or whether religious teaching should be included in the curriculum. Lord Shaftesbury dreaded complete secularisation and, from his point of view, worked hard to influence opinion against a non-religious education system. Meanwhile four men, a woollen draper, a dealer in second-hand tools, a city missionary and a solicitor's clerk formed the Ragged School Union, and asked Lord Shaftesbury to become their President. Charles Dickens went to see the first Ragged School in Field Lane, a slum district off Holborn Hill. 'It had no means', he wrote; 'it had no suitable rooms; it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any authority; . . . it was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere with all the deadly sins let loose howling and kicking at the doors'. Two years later Dickens visited the Field Lane School again, and gives the result of two years of civilising work: 'I found it quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well white-washed, numerous attended, and thoroughly established'. Twenty-six years after the foundation of the Union, the Board School Act brought popular education into being.

There is a close link between Lord Shaftesbury and Miss Octavia Hill. Lord Shaftesbury was Chairman of the Society for the Reformation of the Poor, which was a first attempt to deal with the problem of the poorest people in the poorest parts of London. The work they laid down at the first meeting of this Society was that the work to be done was specially suited to women. Miss Hill was living with her sister in Notting Hill, Marylebone. Miss Hill soon found out the appalling housing conditions near her. She did not rest until she had persuaded Lord Shaftesbury and Ruskin to begin with her the great experiment which was to be her life's work. At Ruskin's suggestion the work was put on a business footing from the first, and she gave an example that could be followed. Miss Hill bought for £750 the lease of three houses in the courts in Marylebone. These houses were let out in sets of two rooms. And it is interesting to note that at the end of 18 months 5 per cent. interest was paid on the £750, as well as £48 of the original capital lent. One of the conditions had been that Miss Hill should manage the houses herself. She collected the rents and, coming to the terms of the lease, she was able to help them to improve their habits. Personal contact be-



Octavia Hill in Southwark. The public garden

Women Housing Estate Managers

by Miss Hill into an The success of the increasing number of management. to re-organise round carefully in and small and are on.

Economics in a Changing World

Planned Economy v. Laissez-Faire

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

A GOOD deal has been heard over here of the fair competition codes which now govern the activities of the principal industries in the United States. I have just got hold of some details of the Bituminous Coal Industry Code which was the last code to be applied in the States. In 1929 the industry, which is widely spread all over the country, was controlled by 4,612 individuals, partnerships and corporations who operated 6,047 mines. The opposition of employers to trade unionism was nowhere so strong as in the coal districts, and the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act which gave the men freedom of association and collective bargaining were strenuously opposed by the coal owners. After prolonged negotiations twenty-eight separate codes were submitted to the N.R.A. by the industry, and the administration was obliged to draw up its own code and present it to the industry. Here are one or two particulars from the code: Minimum wages for skilled labour underground vary from \$3.40 a day in Alabama to \$5.63 a day in Montana. An average rate for the area in which about 70 per cent. of the output is mined would be about \$4.50 a day. Hours of work are to be forty a week, and the code provides for the establishment of district selling agencies by the producers. These agencies determine the minimum selling prices below which all sales shall be prohibited, but it is interesting to note that there is a provision in the code stating that nothing shall prevent any American producer from quoting special prices for overseas exports. For purposes of administering the code the industry is divided into five geographical areas, each of which is controlled by a Divisional Code Authority in which the owners, the workers and the central administration are represented.

Finally, as an indication of the prodigality with which planing schemes are popping up all over the world, I have just received some details of a six-year economic plan in Mexico. In issuing preliminary details of the plan the Mexican Minister of Finance states that 'it will provide for an increase in wages in all industries with a view to raising the purchasing power of the population . . . and that important features of the plan will be the principle that the national resources of Mexico, including water power, mineral deposits, etc., must be developed by Mexican capital, and that the President wishes to put into practice the principles of State Socialism and economic planning'.

And now for some news from the battle-front! I refer, of course, to the American scene where is being fought perhaps the most thrilling and momentous economic battle in all history. On one side stands President Roosevelt and the soft-money men; on the other side the orthodox economists, most of the bankers, financiers and the hard-money men.

The forces opposed to the President are taking up their battle positions and it cannot be denied that their heavy artillery has received a considerable reinforcement in the shape of Dr. Sprague. This gentleman is by no means a diehard in his views on monetary matters. But he is inflexibly opposed to the theory that by depreciating the external value of its currency a state can jack up its internal price level to a permanent extent; nor does he see any danger in straightforward internal inflation, such as printing of notes. Listen to one or two extracts from his vigorous and ably expressed letter of resignation:

'The present monetary policy threatens a complete breakdown of the credit of the government . . . depreciation of the dollar will not bring about a rise in prices at a time when the nation has a large excess plant capacity and millions of unemployed . . . you are faced with the alternative of giving up the present policy or of meeting government expenditure with additional paper money.'

I said above that the battle lines are forming up in the U.S.A. Make no mistake, you are watching day by day a struggle whose world-wide importance can hardly be exaggerated. Don't be misled by the day-to-day excitement and incidents, but grasp hold of the big moral issue which is at stake. It is the issue of planned economy versus *laissez-faire*. It is an issue in which the principles of the nineteenth century which are emblazoned upon the standards of the hard-money men are being challenged by the principles of the New Deal. Of Roosevelt and his men it might be said that they:

Bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with a strange device
Excelsior!

But is he climbing up? And, most especially, is the internal price level climbing up as the dollar's external value falls down? The answer is: Yes—but very slowly. It must unfortunately be

recorded that the market value of government bonds in the States has been decreasing, even though it is admitted that they have had official support. I hope later to say something about the banking situation in America and for the moment can only remind you of the importance to banking stability of the maintenance of the value of the government securities which necessarily represent a high proportion of a bank's assets.

Ten years ago one aspect of the great struggle between the free and controlled economic systems was being fought out in Russia. The controlled system has won the day in that quarter, but, after all, the free flexible capitalist system was never deeply rooted in Russia, and the affair bore the same relation to the American battle as did the Balkan campaigns in the Great War to the campaigns of the Western front. Today, the United States is the Western front upon which the traditional system of capitalism is fighting for its life. It will be a struggle in which not much quarter will be given on either side and it will become fiercer as the opposing forces come to grips. If Roosevelt wins you will never see again the United States of 1920—1929, that prodigal and at times much-envied example of riotous *laissez-faire* and unchecked private enterprise. If he loses . . . But, will he lose? I would prefer to say 'Can he lose?' I admit at once that he *can*, that very possibly he *will* fail to achieve his immediate objects, but—and this is why I beg you to take a wide view of this great American experiment—it may well be that the more he fails to achieve temporary success the more he will be committed to deeper and deeper inroads into the sacred places of the capitalistic system, and that he will go so far that even his enemies will admit that there can be no turning back, just as a time came in the Russian experiment when even its opponents would probably agree that the only possible course was to go on, since an attempt to return to the pre-War social system would have plunged the country into impossible confusion.

Roosevelt has travelled very far since that day in March this year when we in this country heard him proclaim the New Deal and rally a panic-stricken nation of 130 million people. He is still travelling and moving fast, whilst the hard-money men and those who shrink from committing the economic destinies of a nation to the test of strange experiment are frantically endeavouring to form a defensive front from behind which they can launch a counter-attack. But where is their leader? And what policies can they put forward which will not seem similar to those which Roosevelt declares, and most Americans still believe, were policies which brought the States to the extreme edge of disaster? Will Mr. Al Smith, former Governor of New York State, be the hard-money leader? He has just come out on their side. He says in a letter to the New York State Chamber of Commerce: 'I am for gold dollar against boloney dollars . . . for experience against experiment. I am going to be for the people who have made this country what it is . . . I say this with knowledge of the fact that there are many things in the old order I should like to have changed'.

Meanwhile what of President Roosevelt's utterances? Of him it may be said that for the moment, like Brer Rabbit, who was another famous American citizen, the President is 'lying low and saying nuffin'!

Meeting my former self

Meeting my former self, in a nostalgia
Of confident, confiding recognition
Offering him an island in the Atlantic—
Half way, I said, from Teneriffe to England.
Great cliffs of chalk slope from the fishing-village
Up to the lighthouse. Rum sold free of Duty.
Only the fishermen and lighthouse-keeper
Besides ourselves. Drinking the rum, card-playing
And walking in the wastes of stone and cactus
And meeting the mail-steamer once a fortnight.
—But these inducements pitifully withered
At his embarrassed look. Turning to welcome
A friend he had acquired since our last meeting,
Not known to me, he spoke of other matters;
And I was weeping and humiliated.

J. N. CAMERON



The Listener

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Language and Literally

RENAN, defending the French Academy: 'They have produced a masterpiece—the French language'. Nothing could make clearer the difference between two languages than to compare this pronouncement with the unanimity with which our scholars and critics, greeting the Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, have agreed that the great thing about our English language is that it produces itself. 'So deliberate a work as the main Oxford Dictionary must run a losing race with our rapidly breeding language', said the President of Magdalen at the lunch to celebrate the Supplement. He spoke, too, of the 'rapid and felicitous growth of the language'; and Sir William Craigie, following him, described how he and his colleagues had had 'to look above, around, and below to catch and collect the innumerable novelties with which our tongue is continually being enriched'. And how enriched, the Supplement shows; with its new words from science, from psychology, from slang, with its 'hold the baby', 'make a cat laugh', 'shy-making' and 'the raspberry'—reference, Wodehouse. (The 'boloney' dollar, we note, is too new to appear.) Mr. Desmond MacCarthy too, noticing the Supplement in his book talk last week, pleaded for more and more enrichment. Don't be afraid to use expressive slang or Americanisms, he urged; anglicise foreign words; 'use them shamelessly, embed them in your careful sentences: they will become respectable—they are already useful'.

But beneath this encouragement to word-makers and word-takers, an undercurrent of uneasiness may be felt. Mr. Pearsall Smith has reminded us that we are 'paralysed by that superstitious feeling of awe and respect for standard English which is now being spread by the diffusion of education. We are becoming more and more the slaves of schoolmasters and proof-correctors'. Mr. MacCarthy is even more bitter about those 'purists and proof-readers' who show a niggling insistence on foreign words having italics, or inverted commas, or correct spelling, and calls them the 'enemies of the English language'. The trouble is, though, that people can be purists from the best of motives—that of keeping the language efficient for its purpose. Such a high-minded purist, for instance, is Mr. John Buchan, who a few years ago gave an entertaining lecture (to journalists, which may explain his insistence on purity) on the misuse of words, on that 'steady undercurrent of inaccuracy, a frequent misapprehension of the exact meaning of certain nouns and adjectives, a perpetual lack of care and precision'. 'Singularly' and

'literally' were among the words he chose to illustrate his argument: but his remarks on them illustrate also the dangers to which the purist is subject. Of 'singularly' Mr. Buchan complained that it is used, in the press, to mean 'in a high degree', whereas it properly means 'solitarily', 'uniquely'; the man with a 'singular' gift is the single solitary man who possesses it. But what are we to say when we find, and in the pages of the O.E.D. itself, that 'singularly' has been used in the first, and deplored, sense, by Coverdale, Defoe, Cobbett and Macaulay? Now that the damage has been done, is it any use going back on it? And is it, indeed, a damage? May it not rather be that perfectly normal development whereby words extend their meanings far beyond the bounds of the primary function they were coined to fulfil, whereby 'consideration' has grown to mean more than the contemplation of the stars, and 'innumerable' (see our first paragraph) a number which though large is yet capable of exact measurement?

As for Mr. Buchan's other example, 'literally', it so happens that our correspondence columns have just provided us with an entertaining object-lesson in its use. Sir Evelyn Wrench's recent reference (describing a spiritual experience) to being 'literally re-born' provoked a reader to object—exactly as Mr. Buchan in his lecture objected—to the application of this word to a metaphorical phrase. Our correspondent seemed to think he had proved his point by appeal to the O.E.D. without, perhaps, realising what a double-edged weapon that dictionary is. For, in fact, the sense in which he and Mr. Buchan wish 'literally' to be taken—the sense of 'actually', 'in fact'—is not the primary sense of the word. What is its primary sense was obligingly demonstrated by Professor Emile Legouis in the review in our Book Supplement last week in which he spoke of extracts of Dorothy Wordsworth's printed journals being 'literally reproduced'—that is, in the precise sense of the O.E.D.'s primary definition, 'in the very words, word by word'. Now the sense in which Mr. Buchan and Mr. Butler take 'literally' is itself a metaphorical extension of this primary word-for-word meaning; so why object to the further metaphorical extension which makes it, as Sir Evelyn Wrench made it, simply strengthen and intensify the phrase it accompanies? And yet, though we realise that the principle of such extension has precisely been the making of the English language, we do not feel we are being foolishly conservative and reactionary in strongly sympathising with our correspondent about this particular case. There are occasions when we wish to make sure that a word is being used in its unmetaphorical plain prose sense: for instance, Sir Michael Sadler in Oxford last week, deploring the 'heavy commercial traffic which is now literally shaking to pieces the ancient buildings'; or Mr. Eric Blom, on page 870 of this issue, speaking of a lover not taking his mistress's cosmetics 'at anything but what is literally their face value'. For this function, 'literally' is well-suited: but for this function it must be allowed no metaphorical licence beyond the sense of 'actually', 'in fact'. 'Literally' would then be a policeman of words, ready to marshal the others in their primary meanings, to whistle them back, for a second, from their delightful metaphorical excursions.

Week by Week

THE reduction of working hours and the sharing out of work as a means of solving the unemployment problem, has recently been tested both in theory and in practice. The publication of a report by the British Section of the International Association for Social Progress on their investigation into the economic and social effects of such a method, coincided with its voluntary adoption among the miners of Blaenavon. To take theory first: Cost of production is the major economic problem. With the adoption of a system of 'multiple shifts', 'rationalisation' of an industry may be necessary, with an

'improvement of equipment' and a 'concentration of output'. Nevertheless, the elimination of fatigue among the workers may be expected to increase the work achieved and consequently to reduce the overhead expenses. This in its turn should lower the price of the goods and increase the demand for them. In fact, it is from the workers' side that the Report anticipates the chief objections; in view of this, the action of the Blaenavon miners, which has been followed by others in the Durham coal fields, is particularly satisfactory. At Blaenavon the 12,000 miners in employment asked that they might share their work with the 850 unemployed. This means that each man may now expect only 32 weeks' work in a year, and for the remainder of the time must be content with unemployment benefit. But the gain in morale for the whole community should be immense. Already the miners have convinced their employers, by assuring them of co-operation among themselves, that the change need not mean a decreased production. It now remains for them to demonstrate that the related social problems, suggested in the Report, are not insuperable. Chief of these is the organisation of the workers' new-found leisure. The Report suggests that, under a shift-system, home life may suffer—the women being forced to provide more meals and so to have their own leisure curtailed. But in a community which, by its initiation in so important a development, has shown itself firmly united, there is every hope that a solution to such problems will be found.

* * *

Among the new series of talks which begin after Christmas, none is likely to rouse greater curiosity than the 'Enquiry into the Unknown' series which is to be given on Fridays, beginning January 5. For the first time what scientists call psychical research, and others call spiritualism, is to be discussed at length before the microphone by speakers long versed in the investigation of 'supernatural' phenomena. Mr. Theodore Besterman, Research Officer of the Society for Psychical Research, will describe how psychical research is carried on; Lord Charles Hope will discuss physical mediumship; Mrs. W. H. Salter telepathy; Dame Edith Lyttelton dreams and prevision; and Sir Oliver Lodge the question of survival. These are all branches of the subject upon which a vast mass of evidence has now been accumulated and upon which science must make some pronouncement, however cautious and qualified. The anthropological and psychological aspects of spiritualism will be dealt with by Professor Seligman in two talks on 'Primitive Practices' and 'Mind over Body'. Finally, besides an introduction by Mr. Gerald Heard and a summing-up by Professor C. D. Broad, Sir Ernest Bennett will discuss that most popular of all supernatural topics, 'Ghosts and Haunted Houses'. The object of the series as a whole is to show how science has begun to explore these phenomena, which are loosely described as supernatural, and how far it has advanced towards any kind of conclusion in the matter. Listeners who want to prepare themselves for this series by getting some previous idea of how modern science regards these mysteries could hardly do better than read the new book by Professor Hans Driesch on *Psychical Research*, which has been published this autumn.

* * *

This autumn a number of talks have been given in morning and afternoon periods with an eye to catering for the interests of the unemployed, particularly those who attend the various Centres which have been started all over the country, a good many of which are equipped with wireless sets. At the outset these talks were not provided solely for the unemployed; but the response and appreciation from the Centres has been so encouraging that after Christmas the reservation of these periods is to be continued and the subjects adapted even more specifically to this particular audience. There are three periods in question. The first is on Monday afternoons at 3.15, when the talks on sports and pastimes will be continued by experts dealing with football, boxing, fishing, gardening, bowls, pigeons, etc. The second period is on Tuesday mornings at 11; which is to be used for talks intended to be of practical utility to the unemployed, as for instance explaining the legislation which affects them, putting forward new ideas and schemes for their clubs and institutions, and suggesting economical methods of balancing the family budget. These are to be followed by a series of book talks by Mr. W. E. Williams, the editor of *The Highway*. Those who know how successfully Mr. Williams has brought the journal of the W.E.A. up to its

present high level of literary and general interest will expect good and unusual matter which will surely attract others besides unemployed listeners. The third period, on Thursday mornings, will continue to be filled by talks on topical affairs at home and abroad. Evidence of the success achieved by these talks at Unemployed Centres is forthcoming from Yorkshire, where there are now fifty-four groups of this kind in being. The experience of the past two years in running discussion groups at these centres shows that the occupational centre with a special listening room is most likely to make successful use of the broadcast talks. Recreational centres pure and simple tend to become resorts of the merely passive, who want somewhere warm to sit and to have things done for them. The Occupational Centres, on the other hand, tend to attract the kind of man who wishes to work at something and to contribute to his own welfare. Unemployed men will not as a rule attend a Centre at which 'listening' is the only activity; but where it is one of several activities, and leadership is available from outside voluntary social organisations, then listening groups can more readily be formed.

* * *

Almost every European country has contributed its experience and point of view to the League of Nations Report* on interchanges and travel of school children. Although the principal motive of the Report is the promotion of international understanding, it has avoided the dangers of a vague idealism. Thus the French representative insists that if the work is allowed to develop 'without hampering or compromising it at the outset by aiming at other than educational ends, it will prove itself to be a more and more fruitful activity'. Five normal methods present themselves: individual exchanges between families, exchanges of groups of pupils between two schools, holiday centres, international holiday camps, and group travel and excursions. There is a fairly general agreement that an exchange between two nations is preferable to a general international mixing. To this the Report adds a special recommendation, that they should preferably be arranged 'between the nationals of those countries that tend to drift apart through misunderstanding and divergence of opinion'. On the choice between individual and group exchanges there is less general agreement. France and Great Britain prefer the individual method, almost all the others the group. The French representative goes to some pains to explain himself: 'Unlike the school-children of England and Germany, the pupils of French schools are not attached to each other by what might be called a corporative bond. Intimate communal ties in this country are to be found only in the family circle, and children who are made the subject of these exchanges find that same spirit prevailing in the foreign home to which they are sent'. This should be contrasted with the Austrian view: 'At the age at which school travel parties are organised, bonds of friendship between the pupils, and even between the youth of the same country, are established only if they lead a life in common'. Similar disagreements exist on the policy of mixing the classes and the sexes and the extent to which the children should be prepared for their visits. Germany advocates 'thorough moral and intellectual preparation'; Norway none at all. But despite these differences of opinion, the Report indicates an important and intelligently supported movement already well established.

* * *

Experts in Norse literature have not yet reached agreement upon the thorny question of Norse penetration of America in the early Middle Ages. Some maintain that the farthest south was in Massachusetts and certain obscure remains there are identified by some as of Norse origin. Now comes a discovery of the greatest importance. On Lake Winnipeg in Canada has just been found a stone bearing what have been identified as Scandinavian runes. That the Norsemen should have reached the heart of the continent and travelled so great a distance westwards is astonishing. They may, of course, have reached Lake Winnipeg from Hudson Bay, but in any case the distance they achieved is much greater than the distance down the east coast to Massachusetts. We must, therefore, revise our ideas of the capacity of the Norsemen to cover great distances. For them to have reached the region of Winnipeg makes it no longer absurd to place the legendary Wineland as far south as Massachusetts. The inscription awaits publication and verification, but its finders attribute it to the year 1362.

* *International Understanding through Youth*. League of Nations, International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Foreign Affairs

Bright Patches on a Gloomy Horizon

By VERNON BARTLETT

IT is a little dull talking about European affairs for the moment, because everything looks so small by the side of the disarmament crisis, and yet one cannot say much about that because we have come to a moment when all those people who are determined that the Conference must succeed have to confine themselves to quiet work underground in the hope of laying foundations for an understanding a little later on.

It is not surprising that in the circumstances there should have been some difference of opinion as to the best method of procedure. The Italians have been arguing that, since the Germans obviously cannot come back to Geneva while nothing is settled, the Four Power Pact must come to the rescue, and there are many people in many countries who believe that a meeting between Mr. MacDonald or Sir John Simon, Signor Mussolini, Herr Hitler and M. Chautemps or whoever the French Prime Minister might be when the time came, would do a great deal of good. But the French maintain that the League machinery must not be allowed to rust, and they would like to keep the discussions on a wide enough basis to include their allies. Thus, the Germans and the Italians, who attack the League because they feel it has been used to keep up the superiority of the countries which did well out of the last war, are now confirmed in that view. And, on the other hand, the French feel that these attacks on the League, the only organisation with a detailed machinery for settling international disputes by discussion instead of by fighting, mean that we are well on the way towards a new war. Even the talk between Herr Hitler and M. Lipski, the Polish Minister to Berlin, with its agreement that Germany and Poland will try to settle their differences by words instead of by deeds, has not much lessened French uneasiness. That agreement does not cover the very important question of frontier alterations, but the fact that for some months past negotiations have been going on quietly between Berlin and Warsaw for an improvement in German-Polish relations does seem to most of us one of the brighter patches on a rather gloomy horizon. For Heaven knows that those relations needed improving! I remember, during the war between the Poles and the Russians in 1920, arriving after hours of tramping at a cross roads in the Polish Corridor. I hurried up to the signpost, for I was ravenously hungry and had no idea of the way to the nearest town. When I reached it I found that all the German names had been carefully painted out—several months before, if I could judge by the state of the paint—while the Polish names had not been painted in. Some people say that the Germans are only being pleasant to the Poles in order to lull their suspicions while they prepare to attack them. Even if that were true, which I don't believe, we ought to be thankful that this improvement in Polish-German relations gives us more time to decide how we are to solve the problem of Germany.

Private Diplomatic Discussions

And that brings me back to the difficulty of starting negotiations again. The Disarmament Conference has been adjourned until January, and in the meantime, in the words of the official *communiqué*, there will be 'parallel and supplementary efforts between various states and the full use of diplomatic machinery'. That is a rather vague phrase, but it obviously means that for the next few weeks the method of quiet discussion between diplomats is to be used instead of that of discussion in the full blaze of publicity. Immediately after the War it was the custom to argue that secret diplomacy was never an advantage. Now there is a similar and equally unfair tendency to say that 'open covenants openly arrived at'—to use President Wilson's phrase—must always be a failure. There are undoubtedly times when a government whose motives are bad can only be persuaded to change its policy by public discussion, and I cannot imagine that the man in the street, who has to pay with his blood or his fortune if diplomacy breaks down, will ever again agree that foreign policy is not his affair. But it is also obvious that nothing will be gained by airing the differences between France and Germany in public, and the decision to leave things to the professional diplomat for the next few weeks will be generally welcomed.

Two recent events should improve the chances of these private diplomatic discussions. One is Sir John Simon's speech in the House of Commons last week when he insisted that the British Government is resolved to do everything it can to get negotiations with Germany going again. 'Germany', he said, 'is not a target for dictation, she is a partner in discussion'. That sort of approach, coupled with the insistence that we stand by the League and its machinery for making war less probable, should—at least so I believe—help to convince Germany that we want to be just to her but also that we do not intend to return to the old doctrine that might is right. The other promising factor is the ad-

vances which have been made by Herr Hitler to the French. Hitherto he has waited for proposals to come from Paris, but a few days ago he gave the first interview to a French journalist since he came into power, and one of the statements this interview contained ran as follows: 'Once the question of the Saar, which is German territory, has been settled, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—which could oppose Germany to France'. He has followed up that interview, which has aroused great interest in London as well as in Paris, by a long discussion with the French Ambassador in Berlin. As I suggested months ago, there is quite probably a much better chance of frank and fruitful agreements between a nationalist Germany and her neighbours than there was when Dr. Brüning was in power, if only because the French and others feared that Dr. Brüning would be disowned by the Nazis if they came into power. Herr Hitler is not likely to be accused by his followers of sacrificing the national interests of Germany, and if he were so accused he should be strong enough to silence his accusers.

The Spanish and French Elections

When I leave that subject and come to the elections in Spain I am not on very much safer ground. The last time I spoke of that country a Catholic newspaper attacked me with a violence that was only equalled by a Labour attack from the other side. One suggested I was a revolutionary and the other a reactionary. And all I had tried to do was to forecast what was likely to happen as a result of the decision to hold new elections. I foretold the probability of a swing to the right considerable enough to put the Socialists in opposition, and yet not enough to endanger the existence of the Republican regime. That was not very difficult to prophesy, because it was obvious to anybody that you cannot do what Señor Azaña had done—you cannot, in the short space of two years, convert a nation from feudalism to the most advanced democracy in Europe—without running the risk of a sharp reaction.

That reaction has come. In the parliament which drew up the constitution the Socialists were roughly twice as strong as any other party. I don't know exactly what their strength will be in the new parliament because there will have to be fresh elections in many constituencies where no candidate obtained forty per cent. of the poll. But they will be very far from the strongest party now, and their place will be taken by the *Acción Popular*, a new party of the Right which gets a great deal of its support from the Catholics. To a certain extent the parties of the Left have cut their own throats by giving women the vote, since this step, although in the proper democratic tradition, has immensely increased the number of voters who resent the attacks on the Church which frequently accompany a democratic regime. And also there is very little doubt that Señor Azaña, in his desire to bring Spain up-to-date, has dealt too drastically with both the religious and the monarchist sections of the public. The Republic now needs a period of rest after a period of excessively rapid evolution. And perhaps the most important feature of the election is not the swing over from Left to Right, but the fact that this new party, the *Acción Popular*, proposes to remain loyal to the Republic.

Of the French political crisis there is not very much to be said, except that it seems a pity the system which we have over here of holding new elections when the government is overthrown has never been adopted in France. M. Sarraut was made premier when I was in Paris a few weeks ago, and nobody then expected him to last for more than a month, but, by one of these mysteries of French political life, he had to be given his chance. Since M. Chautemps has now formed another government with almost exactly the same set of ministers, one rather doubts whether his chances will be much brighter than those of M. Sarraut. But if he gets a majority because he makes less drastic efforts than his predecessors to get the budget balanced, he will certainly not lessen the activities of those people who are anxious to get their gold out of France. And the pity of it is that each new crisis in Paris postpones the possibility of these direct negotiations between France and Germany. If these negotiations can be taken up, there will be one great advantage in the fact that M. Chautemps has made so few changes in the government—the ministers of foreign affairs, of war and of finance now seem to carry on, crisis or no crisis, and both M. Daladier and M. Paul-Boncour have controlled French policy as regards Germany since Herr Hitler's advent to power so changed the outward appearance of the German problem.

I don't quite know why, but I believe the chances of a political improvement in Europe are greater than anything in the news would seem to justify. But I wouldn't bet anybody that I'm right.

'Anywhere for a News Story'

The Sinking of the 'Sontay'

By THOMAS GRANT

FOLLOWING the news in search of pictures for my paper has taken me round the world and to many countries. Naturally, during these journeys, spread over nearly thirty years, I have come across many unexpected news stories—railway accidents, shipwrecks, fires, riots and disasters. Incidentally, it is rather remarkable that one can spend a large slice of a lifetime travelling about the world by air, land and water, under all sorts of odd conditions, attending wars, revolutions, and so on, and yet meet with no personal injury. More than a quarter of a century ago, an insurance company refused to accept me for a personal accident policy because of the dangers of my work, but my only injury in all that time was a dislocated finger, in one of my several railway smashes. I like to think of all those annual premiums I have saved.

One adventure which happened very suddenly and which produced some exciting pictures was the torpedoing of the French steamer *Sontay* during the War. After eighteen months as official photographer with the Salonica Army, I was returning to England. This rather old 10,000-ton passenger boat was being used as a transport between France and Salonica and was carrying French troops and five Englishmen. There were four women and nine children, all Greeks. I am glad to say they were all saved. We sailed from Salonica on April 8, 1917, in convoy with several smaller vessels, escorted by two tiny French gunboats. We knew that an enemy submarine was waiting for us, so, as our top speed was only 10 knots, we spent several days hiding among the Greek islands. Here we had a full-dress rehearsal of 'Abandon ship'. At a signal all boats were lowered and in seven minutes the ship was emptied of passengers and crew—not quite emptied because one woman became terror-stricken half-way down a rope ladder and hung there screaming with her arms locked round the ropes. Orders and advice were shouted at her without effect and none of the efforts of sailors above or below could shift her, until at last a rope was tied round her and she was hauled back on to deck by main force.

We all thought seven minutes wasn't bad, seeing that one boat had been held up so long. We English had been allotted to the same boat as this woman, and I remember we had an anxious talk about what would happen when and if we really had to clear out in a hurry. Luckily the problem was solved quite neatly when the time came. As the boat was lowered from the deck above two men seized her and pitched her bodily into the descending boat. There was no time to be gentle.

The torpedoing was rather a smart piece of work on the part of the Germans. There was a shout from a look-out man who saw the torpedo track, and two seconds later we were hit on the port bow. There was a terrific explosion. Water and debris rained down on us for quite a time. My cabin mate (a young artillery

officer) and I were lying on our bunks, and we both started up with the same words, 'That's it', grabbed our lifebelts and made for the deck. That didn't take many seconds, but already water was rushing over the fore deck. While the crew worked at the davits I decided there was time to make a dash for my camera. A photographer's first thought in any emergency should, of course, be of his camera; but self-preservation is a very strong instinct and really the explosion had sounded as if the whole ship were in splinters. Fleet Street would never have forgotten or forgiven me if I had come out of a daylight shipwreck with no pictures.

The cabin was horribly tilted; things were already sliding to one end as I kicked off my slippers and took my shoes and

camera and ran on deck. Afterwards I realised how funny it was that I had tidily put my slippers side by side in their usual place against the wall! By now the whole of the fore deck was under water, and it was impossible to release the big rafts which were secured down upon it. My lifeboat was in the water and I slid down a rope; but before I could reach it a heavy sea carried it away, leaving me dangling there with seething rough-looking water under me. Then a wave crashed the boat back against the ship's side and I fell on top of the people already in it.

The camera survived and was still fairly dry in its knapsack, so I got to work on the terrifying scene. The steamer's stern was rising higher and higher:



Photograph by the author

men clinging to ropes were lifted to an enormous height and were afraid to drop. Then came a moment when everything movable—chains, coal, gear, and a thousand other things—suddenly carried away and avalanched through the ship with a great roar. I shall never forget that appalling noise, tearing and rumbling its way through the long iron hull: for weeks afterwards in my sleep I kept starting up, hearing it again.

The huge ship seemed to hang for a moment in an almost vertical position, the funnel, parallel with the water, spurning a great jet of steam on the heads of swimming men. None of the boats had had time to get away, and there were cries and shouts on all sides at the fear of that vast bulk toppling over sideways. A stoker in our lifeboat jumped overboard in an effort to escape it and before he could climb in again, the old *Sontay* took a quick straight dive to the bottom, one mile below us, leaving more than 100 men struggling to reach boats or wreckage. The whole episode, from the explosion to the final disappearance of the stern flag, took only four minutes.

Meanwhile, our boat, being broadside to the waves, was shipping heavy water, and as the oars were under a jumble of people, they could not be freed. Eventually the very stout purser in charge of the boat got an oar over the stern and put the bows round, while the rest of us baled as hard as we could with our caps. At this point the old purser stopped

working for a moment, and shook his fist violently at the sea, shouting maledictions at the invisible enemy. He was quite beside himself with fury, and we were all rather glad when he calmed down a bit, as his great weight dancing about did not help to make the boat too stable. Naturally, we all felt very bitter at the time, but after all it was war and a troopship was fair game.

The rest of the convoy, by the way, had gone on with one of the protecting gunboats, while the other circled round about a mile away trying to locate the enemy. Following the wartime rule it was quite in order for the other vessels not to take the risk of saving life, and the second gunboat was also right in trying to destroy the submarine before getting to the work of picking up survivors. In the rough sea many were drowned before help came. Our lifeboat, the only one to get away full, was quite unmanageable; she was one-third full of water and likely to capsize, so we could do nothing to help. It was a long time before we sorted ourselves out and got the oars into action. I quickly used up the films in my camera and it was difficult to reload with water swirling round my knees, the boat tossing wildly and spray drenching everything. But I managed it somehow with the camera shielded in my coat. Fortunately I was using flat film packs which are much easier to handle than roll films. But while fumbling in the wet haversack for the spare film pack, I missed the picture of a lifetime—the great ship standing vertical with frantic little figures still clinging to the rails and a great volume of steam exploding from the funnel as water reached the boilers. A stupendous, awful sight.

For several minutes after the sinking various objects such as spars and so on shot up from the sea quite high into the air. I was amazed how long this went on. These things must have broken away from the wreck when at great depth. One of the rafts came up in this way and we were thankful to see numbers of men reach it. An extraordinary object rose to the surface near our boat—a live cow. The poor beast swam aimlessly in circles until exhausted. One of my photographs shows a bearded French soldier swimming towards us; in the next picture he is nearer, but he never reached us. It was terrible to sit there in comparative safety, getting glimpses of the struggles for life, as we rose on the crests of the waves, quite unable to help.

At last the gunboat gave up the chase and began the difficult job of picking up survivors. Every one of the boats was smashed against its side before it could be emptied. As each boat came alongside the sailors threw a number of lifelines and hauled the men up. It was all done very quickly, but even so some of the boats sank before all got out. Our turn to be rescued came about two hours after the sinking and of course the woman, more dead than alive, was the first to be dragged up. The next would have been a French soldier, had not the purser shouted, 'No, no, the English first', and regardless of the danger of delay the rope was taken from him and put round me. I cannot express how splendidly those Frenchmen behaved all through this affair. Some of the *Sontay* men seemed to be deliberately sacrificing their lives in trying to launch boats which could not be got down in time, although the Captain had already given the S.O.S. order '*Sauve qui peut*'—that dreaded equivalent of 'Every man for himself'—and the order had been shouted from mouth to mouth through the ship.

The end of this gallant Captain, Alexandre Mages, was magnificent. Part of it I saw myself, and the rest I heard from one of his officers who was on the bridge with him until ordered to go. They brought him a lifebelt which he refused to put on. Somebody tried to force it round him, but he dashed it aside because he knew very well that all his people could not be saved now that the rafts were under water. Then he ordered, and himself pushed, the officers off the bridge, and as the vessel tilted up more and more, he left the bridge and struggled as high as he could towards the stern, and there, somehow managing to hold on, waved his cap and shouted with all his might, '*Vive la France*'. That was the last we saw of him.

Three hundred and seventeen survivors were crowded into the gunboat *Moqueuse*, a little vessel of 2,600 tons. We just flopped on the decks, a mass of wet, seasick and exhausted people, and there we stayed until we reached Malta twenty-four hours later. It was a dreadful voyage, although personally I don't remember much about it because I just lay on my little bit of iron deck wedged in with scores of others, without food, and neither knowing nor caring very much for what port we were making. The *Sontay* doctor did what he could for the injured. He even amputated a man's crushed hand with an ordinary razor. Forty-one were drowned and several died after rescue. The second gunboat had returned to the scene after

escorting the convoy out of the danger zone. She picked up sixty-four more survivors.

If you have not experienced an adventure like this, you may wonder what our thoughts and feelings were. During the two weeks' wait for another ship, we compared notes and agreed there was mostly a sort of intense suppressed excitement, but not fear—that is to say, not fear of immediate death. The time was so short and full of action that there was no time to be frightened. Later I found sixteen cuts and bruises on my body, but I had not been conscious of any of them.

I don't mind confessing, however, that I have felt very frightened on other occasions—once in Cork during the Irish troubles when an angry crowd, thinking I was a spy, took hold of me and were going to throw me into the dock, less than ten yards away. Some men rescued me, and I certainly ran fast when they bundled me round a corner. I ran through back streets to the station and hid in a train going to Dublin.

Another time, also in Ireland, I woke at three in the morning to a shout of 'Hands up' and found a revolver three inches from my head, while another man at the foot of the bed was covering me with a rifle held at his hip. I was far too paralysed to 'hold them up', so the bed clothes were ripped off and the pillow snatched away. My room was full of armed men making a raid on the hotel. But it was not me they wanted, and after turning out my pocket-book, they snapped out the light and left with an order to 'stay there'. So I stayed there and listened to locked doors being smashed open. That night my shoes were stolen from the corridor and I had no others with me. It was Saturday night, so I was shoeless until the shops opened on Monday.

Another thrill I had was in China. Two American cinematographers and I had a very narrow escape at the hands of a murderous anti-foreign mob. In 1927 the Southerners were advancing to take Shanghai. The defending general had given up the struggle—without a struggle, so to speak—and a large crowd with banners had come out of the town to meet the first train-load of victorious troops. The train, with soldiers on roof and foot-boards, stopped in a desolate spot to receive the welcome, and we were taking pictures, when suddenly there was a shrill cry from some anti-foreign fanatic. In a moment the air was black with stones aimed at the two Americans who were working below the embankment. Next the mob swept down on them. One of them, Seback, ran for it, but was nearly knocked down by a coolie in his path who aimed a blow with his carrying pole, which missed his head, but badly bruised his shoulder. I hardly dared to look, but I have a vivid recollection of the scene, Seback twisting and squirming away from a man making stabs at him with a knife as they ran—just like boys playing 'touch'. He got away safely; the Chinese with their long garments couldn't run very well. Meanwhile the other American, Joseph Rucker (who later accompanied Byrd's expedition to the South Pole), stood his ground and punched the first man full in the face, knocking him out flat—a glorious punch, but the next instant the mob had him down, and he would certainly have been killed if the General on the train had not saved him. He saw what was happening and fought his way through the crowd till he reached Rucker and put his arms round him. He sent some of his men after the cinema camera, which had been carried off and was disappearing in the distance. When we three met later at a British military post, Rucker was pretty badly knocked about and his clothes were in rags. Everything he had had been stolen, including a valuable lens. I was lucky not to have been spotted, but all the attention had been concentrated on the unfortunate Americans. Meanwhile I got a photograph and, keeping in the thick of the crowd on the embankment, gradually edged my way towards the British post. We were the only foreigners who had been foolish enough to venture away from the protected areas, and no doubt we deserved the 'dressing down' we got from the authorities, who were very anxious not to be drawn into any conflict with the Chinese. I ought to tell you that Rucker kept turning his handle all through the shower of stones and on to the advancing mob, right up to the moment when he hit the first man, thus keeping to the movie-man's code, 'Whatever happens, keep turning'.

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The Search for New Lands: Captain Cook at Ice Island

From 'Cook's Voyage (1777)

The National Character—X

The Adventurer

By ARTHUR BRYANT

YOU may remember how Mr. Baldwin, in his opening remarks to the talks on National Character, spoke of the strain which the Norsemen brought to our blood—that 'sea sense and love of adventure that has cropped up again and again in our history'. It is true, and it runs across the homely texture of our home-loving English character like a thread of scarlet.

To outward eyes we seem a stolid, unimaginative sort of people—slow to realise the most ordinary idea, and quite impossible to fire. Even those who know us best admit the stolid dullness of the ordinary Englishman: he just can't be made to exhibit emotion. Yet the curious fact remains that no nation, not even the ancient Greeks, have such a wonderful record of poetry to their credit as the English—and of lyrical, passionate poetry too—and no other nation has ever under the stress of emotion done such extraordinary things. (What could be more amazing than the spectacle of a few hundred Englishmen besieging and finally storming a city held by countless thousands from the Delhi Ridge, or than Blake's ships calmly sailing under the towering fortresses of Teneriffe which all the world had thought impregnable?) And, if we are such a stolid people, isn't it rather curious the way that we keep throwing up born leaders who, like Nelson and Captain Scott, not only have a wonderful capacity for enthusing others, but are themselves—like Mr. Belloc's Lord Lundy—'far too freely moved to tears' from the excess of their own emotion. This doesn't look like dullness of feeling.

I believe the truth of the matter is that we are really a very emotional race, only one that has somehow acquired the habit

of hiding its feelings under a cloak of indifference. Englishmen, especially of the upper classes, are very fond of holding themselves in: they hide their emotions by what they call keeping a stiff upper lip. And the lower orders—if I may borrow an objectionable word much used by ladies of a reforming turn in Victorian days—have an equally misleading habit of hiding their emotions under a certain ironical, often rather grim, humour. I remember one particularly popular war song among our Tommies on the march, which ran:

Send for the boys of the girls' brigade

To set old England free:

Send for my mother and my aunty and my brother

But for God's sake don't send me—

—and which used to distress pompous persons a great deal, since it seemed to imply a complete absence of any consciousness of patriotism. Yet the truth of the matter was that men who had given up everything for a dream of an England of which they never spoke, and were mostly presently to give their lives for, could no more bellow about it in public than the schoolboys in Mr. Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* could bear the sight of the Union Jack being wagged about by the patriotic statesman on Speech Day. The Englishman in fact hides his emotions, not because he lacks emotion, but because he has got too much. John Masefield was right when he described the Berkshire farmer in 1914 going home and brooding before the fire with heavy mind:

And such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam

As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

'Dumb hearts' is good: it doesn't mean no hearts, but suppressed

Sir Francis Drake

Reviued :

Calling vpon this Dullor Effeminate Age,
to folow his Noble Steps for Golde & Siluer,

By this Memorable Relation, of the Rare Occurrances
(neuer yet declared to the World) in a Third Voyage,
made by him into the West-Indies, in the Yeares 72. & 73.
when *Nambré de Dios* was by him and 52. others
only in his Company, surpris'd.

Faithfully taken out of the Reporte of M. *Christopher Ceeley, Ellis
Hixon*, and others, who were in the same Voyage with him.
By *Philip Nichols*, Preacher.

Reviewed also by *Sir Francis Drake* himselfe before his Death,
& Much holpen and enlarged, by diuers Notes, with his owne
hand here and there inserted.

Set forth by *Sir Francis Drake* Baronet
(his Nephew) aduising.



LONDON

Printed by *E. A.* for *Nicholas Bourne* dwelling at the
South Entrance of the Royall Exchange. 1626.

The Search for Gold

By courtesy of Bernard Quaritch, Ltd.

hearts. But sometimes English hearts bubble over, and then great things happen.

And here I want to desert my brief for a moment and speak, not of the English, but of the Scots. For it seems to me that the emotional love of adventure that is strong in us is doubly strong in them. Perhaps it is because they have had so often to go out from their barren beautiful land to seek a livelihood: necessity has made them more adventurous, and perhaps their hard climate has given them a double share of courage. Certainly her people seem to have a wonderful capacity for plunging into adventures. Even their defeats are glorious—what could be more moving than Douglas dying amid the encircling Moors, or the last falling ring of Scots fighters at Flodden?

Now for our adventurer. What manner of man is he? First, I think, every English boy who has thought himself a Red Cross Knight, or a pirate, or an explorer, or has lain like Sir Walter Raleigh in the picture on the pebbles and gazed out to sea and listened with one ear to the old salt's tale, and with the other to the inexpressible magic of far seas and enchanted lands. And what English boy is there who hasn't done that? And though we all cease to be boys soon enough, and have our dreams knocked out of us, don't we somewhere deep down keep a corner of our heart (or whatever part of us it is that dreams belong to) which we never show to anybody—not even to our careful wives—but which we wouldn't be without for anything?

But for most of us the adventurer only lives in our boyhood's dreams and in those rarer ones that come to us as we grow old. We suppress such romantic yearnings as being dangerous and inconvenient (as they are), and give ourselves wisely to the more prosaic business of keeping shop or earning our pay. Only sometimes, watching our children, we are startled to see those old dreams of ours, which we had tried to forget, mirrored in their eyes.

Now, sometimes all this romantic venturesome stuff boils over and turns a sober solid Englishman into the kind of person who more properly belongs to the pages of a book than to the daily life of this peaceable little island. I knew one such—the

son and grandson of apparently solid, unromantic English merchants. When he was still a lad at Oxford, he threatened to sail an open centre-board boat from Port Meadow down the Thames and the English Channel and across the Irish Sea to Kingstown in order to pay his court to a young lady in Ireland, whom many years later he returned from a distant land to marry. When his parents attempted to discourage him from this unnecessarily dangerous way of proceeding by cutting off his allowance, he completed the voyage with empty pockets. Later he followed the great hunter Selous in South Africa and, when he finally married and settled down to his life's work in the west of Ireland, he must needs spend every moment he could spare from his duties (which he performed most admirably and conscientiously) sailing a tiny boat round the rocky stormy coast of Connemara. I have seen him set out for the Arran Islands, thirty miles out in the Atlantic, in a Canadian canoe: a proceeding which filled the hardy natives of that place with superstitious dread. And he used to choose his clerks by the rather unusual device of taking them out sailing with him and then seeing how they reacted in some sudden emergency, like falling overboard or running on a rock. Yet, in everything else, he was as prudent and full of commonsense as Englishmen are expected to be. He finally was shot, driving his car through the middle of an Irish battle because he conceived it his duty to reach his destination by a given time, though warned that he would probably be killed if he went on. I suppose you would call him foolhardy—and in a sense he was. Yet I look on him as the truest, bravest, most steadfast man I ever met.

It is of such I want to speak—of the English adventurer in the best sense, who with all the ordinary English virtues had something in him that would not let him settle down to the ordinary routine but made him a rover—an explorer like Cook, or Burton, or a missionary like Livingstone, or an empire-builder like Clive or Rhodes or John Nicholson. Many things have contributed to his making—the Norseman in his blood and the circumstances of life in this northern sea-lapped misty island. For often an Englishman who would not otherwise have been an adventurer has been made one by the merest chance: the circumstances in which he has found himself have brought out something that was latent in his blood but which would otherwise never have been stirred. Had Clive's father not had the luck of an opening for him in the East India Company's employ, or Rhodes not been troubled with a youthful tendency to consumption, there might have been a carpet bagger and a Shropshire squire the more, but the history of the world would have been somewhat different.

One of these circumstances occurred at the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Before that time, the English had been famed as a rather stay-at-home people, absorbed in the affairs of their own remote little island, though there had been exceptional times, certainly, when they had broken out—during the Crusades, for instance, or when they followed the Black Prince or Harry the King to France. But in the middle of the sixteenth century the English were faced by a very depressing set of circumstances. Owing partly to internal causes, and partly to the sudden rise on the continent of the great power of Spain, they found themselves deprived of their traditional forms of livelihood, or at least of those sources of obtaining a high standard of



The Search for News: a nineteenth century war correspondent in the Sudan

Reproduced from Alan Bos's 'Our Fathers' (Heinemann)

living which we have seen they have always demanded. Everywhere they found their trade being closed to them: on the east where the Hanseatic merchants were leagued against them, and in Flanders where Catholic Spain was throttling their wool trade: while westwards the wealth of the New World was denied them by the Papal decree which gave half the world to Spain and the other half to Portugal. At home England was faced for the first time by large-scale unemployment: her people were

divided by religious dissension, and she seemed likely to fall a prey to her enemies. Yet within thirty years the whole scene was changed. Her people were full of confidence, her trade was everywhere flourishing and the nation was united as it had never been before. To what was this due? Partly, of course, to the great woman who so understood her people that she knew how to rouse the sleeping depths of emotion in the English heart: but partly also to those English merchant adventurers, who, encouraged (more by tacit understanding than by actual word) by the Queen's courage, went out from our western ports to break down that iron economic blockade that held England bound and, trying vainly to find a passage to China round the icy coasts of North Europe and North America, drove their cockle boats into the heart of the Spanish main. What more amazing story could you have than that of Drake who, 3,000 miles from home and in the very centre of a powerful Spanish dominion, set out with 73 men in four tiny pinnaces and stormed the great stronghold of Nombre de Dios with drums beating and trumpets blaring at dawn on a July day? Or that later unbelievable voyage up the Pacific coast, where no Englishman had ever sailed before, with every Spanish ship seeking him in vain, and all the wealth of the world dropping into his hold like ripe plums. No boy's dream could ever have been more glorious or more wildly improbable. Yet in appearance, judging from his picture in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, Drake looked like a cheerful, prosperous English grocer: short, round faced, sandy haired, and eminently sound and respectable—only the alert blue eyes and the arched brows above them gave token of the surprising spirit hidden inside him.

Another motive, that ever since Elizabeth's day, has been calling Englishmen to a life of adventure and revealing all sorts of unexpected qualities inside them, has been the expansion of our trade and empire. The Empire in its building has given endless opportunity for adventure and the making of adventurers. Our first military colony, Tangier, produced its crop of venturesome daring Englishmen—like the Governor, Lord Teviot, who perished at the head of his men in the desert, or Pepys' friend, poor Charles Wager, of whom after his death the very Moors could not speak without tears. Such men were the lineal ancestors of Gordon and John Nicholson, having in them some bright excess of spirit and courage which gave them a power of action that seemed to less gifted men almost superhuman: to this day there are still old men in India who worship Nicholson as a kind of god.

But still more fruitful of adventure to the English is the sea. Greatest of all the adventurers whom the sea gave to England was Nelson—a frail sickly child from a poor Norfolk rectory, who was sent to sea as the only possible livelihood open to him and with the full expectation that he would never survive its hardships. Before he was sixteen he had known the rigours of an Arctic expedition, and at twenty-one he commanded his first

ship. With no influence behind him, he was entrusted before his fortieth birthday with the command of the English Mediterranean fleet at a most critical moment of his country's fortunes, and at once justified that command by annihilating—a thing unprecedented at that time—the enemy he had been sent out to engage. In the last seven years of his life he gained in a way no man has ever done before or since the affection and confidence of his countrymen: He was outwardly the most un-English of men—sensitive and painfully emotional, often impatient and tender to excess. Under this almost womanly exterior, he hid an iron will and indomitable purpose. Nelson more than any other man embodies what the English expect their heroes to be: valiant, gentle, unshakeable, with the heart of a boy—the adventurer which deep down and at its best lies hidden in every Englishman. And the manner of his death immortalised these virtues and obliterated his failures; as Southey truly says, if he had been carried up to Heaven by a chariot and horses of fire, he could not have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.

That alliance of tenderness with valour is truly typical of the English character, as far back as Richard Cœur de Lion forgiving with his last breath the archer who shot him, and, could we but trace it, further still. Nothing delights us more in war and adventure than some mark of friendship with the other side—that and when some English leader shows an appreciation of our almost childlike love of daring for its own sake. The two incidents of the late War which seemed most to please the English public were the chivalry of the Captain of the *Emden* (though fighting against us, he actually became for a short while a national hero!), and Sir Roger Keyes' schoolboy signal before Zeebrugge—and also, I should add, the angle at which Lord Beatty wore his hat. The last gave us a great deal of confidence—and quite rightly. But I might add that this intermingling of our spasmodic bellicosity with what I hope I shall be forgiven for calling an almost maudlin inclination to kiss and be friends strikes foreigners as very queer: in fact, they generally put it down to England's notorious perfidy! Plainly, they argue, we must be hypocrites. And it certainly does seem a little illogical to conclude a highly warlike entertainment like the Aldershot Tattoo with the singing of the Evening Hymn! All the same, judging by the obvious fervour with which they sing it, none of the many of the hundreds of thousands of English folk who witness the great display seem to be the least aware of their apparent inconsistency.

There is just one other attribute that seems to belong to the English adventurer. For even stronger than the call of the sea and of distant adventure that draws him forth, is the call that brings him home again. Whatever he is doing, and in whatever remote, outlandish place, he never ceases to think of the misty island he hailed from: and sooner or later, he will find his way home.

The Countryman's Chamber of Horrors—IV



Query—Are the hoardings intended to hide the bungalows?

News in the Making

Discussion on Sensational Films

DOUGLAS WOODRUFFE: I am glad they withdrew that film*. The news reel is an essential part of any cinema programme now: you have got to see it if you go to the show. You can't keep leaving your seat at a cinema, and if the world is going to be scoured for morbid sensationalism, a great many people will simply stop taking their families to the cinema.

OLIVER BALDWIN: I don't believe that the majority of people in this country are so shocked by the truth that they will stay away from the cinema, any more than they will cease to read the newspapers. Take this lynching in America—I see no reason why people shouldn't know what a dreadful thing it was.

D. W.: Things may be all right for the newspapers, but all wrong for the films. Outings to films are essentially family outings.

O. B.: I accept the fact that there is an excuse for the suppression of sensational stories of individual murder and crime, but I make a difference between that sort of thing and the recording of an actual happening of mass-violence in a so-called civilised country, especially since the majority of cinema-goers go to the pictures because they like sensational films, which are fictitious—and this was an actual happening.

D. W.: Real happenings ought to be treated with much more reticence than purely imaginative ones, which people know to be fictitious.

O. B.: I don't see that at all.

D. W.: You will agree that it is more morbid to see a real execution than to see one on the stage in a play?

O. B.: I'm not concerned with morbidity at all. What I object to is the suppression of facts by interested parties, when that particular fact, by being expressed, can be of the greatest service to the world.

D. W.: I do not want suppression of facts. People can sup on horrors if they like, but I want you to remember that the cinema is meant to be a pleasant evening's entertainment.

O. B.: No more than that?

D. W.: I don't object to instruction if the instruction is harmless and pleasurable, but I do object to having people's noses rubbed for their moral good into all the unsavoury happenings from all parts of the world, from China to Peru.

O. B.: You must have objected to your schooldays very strongly: I suppose you only want people to see the pretty side?

D. W.: It's a worse error to pay too much attention to the seamy side of life; and if the cinema camera uses its great

powers to make it realistic, it can make everybody believe that the world is in fact more dangerous, more unsafe, and crime-ridden than is actually the case.

O. B.: Would you object to a cinema showing some of the appalling slum conditions in this country—if you could get it put on—in order to rouse the public to get something done about it, even though the picture would be unsavoury?

D. W.: I think that would be excellent, but I don't want a scare campaign against murder, or suicide, or kidnapping for money, until these things become much more prevalent in this country than they happily are. There is no need to guard our people against lynching.

O. B.: I don't know so much. I think that there are many things many of us would like to guard against—war is one. Anyone knows that the best way to stop war is by showing, not the little boys in a school cadet corps walking down the street armed with out-of-date rifles and bayonets, but the real horrors and beastliness of warfare.

D. W.: Even so, I believe there is a fallacy in your reasoning. I do not think that familiarity breeds horror so much as a kind of blunted callousness. People who live in an atmosphere of murder take life very cheaply—more cheaply than those to whom it is rather a staggering event.

O. B.: And many react against it later: as you find in the case of soldiers becoming pacifists. But anyhow, I still insist that to show people the wrong and horror of something is, in the long run, far more effective than to head it off and pretend it never happened.

D. W.: Whoever's duty it may be to instruct and uplift the public, the cinema has got to remember that it enjoys a special power of vividness, of close detail, of lively reconstruction, which makes it much more important that it shall be scrupulous in not exploiting the morbidity of sensational things. The American tradition about crime and criminals is not so reticent as ours. It may be only a short time before 'talkies' come with the wireless into our homes, and the result will be that any horrible or heinous crime that any human being perpetrates may be dragged into the drawing-room, like something the cat's brought in, for everyone to gloat over or shrink from.

O. B.: Well, I'm not afraid of that—brought in by the cat or anybody else, provided what is brought in has a lesson for the people, who are rapidly becoming an educated democracy. It is only with an uneducated democracy that you need fear the truth.

Both Sides of the Air Problem

YOU MUST REMEMBER that although we are one of the Great Powers of the world, with wide responsibilities at home and abroad, we have held our hand in aerial construction until we have sunk to the position of fifth air-Power in the world. Are we justified in remaining any longer in this position of inferiority since other Powers do not seem inclined to follow our lead and disarm in the air? On the other hand, there is no Power in the world to whom peace is of greater importance than it is to the British Empire, and it has been, and still is, the policy of His Majesty's Government to work steadfastly for disarmament and the collective organisation of security through the League. When the whole question of disarmament hangs in the balance, may it not be that by embarking upon a programme of expansion of our Air Force we shall tip the scales the wrong way? But it must be remembered that London is peculiarly vulnerable to air attack, and a London in smoking ruins might be a national disaster from which we could not recover. On the other hand, it is arguable that no increase within the bounds of practical politics will give us satisfactory defence. Might it then be wise to concentrate our efforts on obtaining the limitation of fighting aircraft?

Have you counted the cost? We are heavily taxed; our Budget is delicately balanced; we need money for slum clearance and re-housing, and the improvement of the social services. The more we spend on the fighting services the less we shall have for the remission of taxation and the betterment of social conditions. But be sure to remember that a bad house with living tenants is preferable to good houses turned by aerial bombardment into crowded mortuaries. You may consider that a C.3 population is better than an A.1 graveyard.

I must ask you to give due weight to the rapid development of civil aviation—a development likely to continue. Fast flying mail-carriers are clearly susceptible of rapid conversion into bombers. To what extent is it sensible to concern ourselves with relative numbers of military machines if we leave out of account the number and quality of civil machines at the disposal of each Power, now and in the immediate future? If public money is to be spent in the air, might it not be wise to consider whether we

can further the development of our civil air services? Nevertheless you will, no doubt, give due weight to the fact that the highly specialised fighting machine has a role of its own which cannot be carried out by converted commercial machines. It is an axiom of war that the best means of defence is offence. In order to attack we should need fighting and bombing machines.

The position of Germany will be in your mind. You will give thought to the effect on public opinion in that country of any increase at present in our Air Force, and you will appreciate that standards of strength in the air established by the armed Powers will necessarily be those which Germany will expect to be allowed in due course—if not earlier.

You will examine your maps and consider the possible centres upon which attack might be launched upon us. In so doing you may feel disposed to confine your attention to the Continent of Europe. Excluding the U.S.A. and Japan, we are inferior in first-line machines to France, Russia and, to a slight extent, Italy. You will weigh up the international political situation and decide whether it is prudent to exclude the U.S.A. and Japan from your calculations, observing that the frontiers of the Empire are not the coasts of Great Britain. You will consider our international obligations under the Covenant of the League, the Locarno Treaties and the Kellogg Pact, wherein we have renounced war as an act of policy, and you will take note that in certain circumstances we are pledged to use force in support of treaties.

In conclusion, you will not fail—I hope—to appreciate that the question of air-defence is but one of many aspects of one problem of Imperial Defence. The need for co-ordination of expenditure on naval, military and air-force material will be in your minds, and this done, you will again have reached by another path the still wider problem set by the question as to whether in the world of today and tomorrow security of peace is or is not best achieved by means of the possession of armed forces, especially in the air, greater in numbers than those we now maintain.

(Broadcast in the News Bulletin on December 2)

*A Paramount News Reel showing a still of the recent lynching in California

*Scientific Research and Social Needs—VIII**Man and Society*

By JULIAN HUXLEY

Part of the talk broadcast by Mr. Julian Huxley on December 1

IT is worth remembering that the Factory Acts have just celebrated their centenary, and that this hundred years of legislation, accompanied by the supervision carried out by Government Factory Inspectors, has done an enormous amount to improve conditions of work and do away with the old shameful state of affairs in which there was no regulation of hours, no trade union rate of wages, no restriction as to sex or age of workers, when even small children worked in factories, sometimes for twelve hours a day.

But this has meant for the most part the correction of obvious abuses, and science has not been called in to any great extent. One very special institution, however, which I visited, is concerned quite definitely to use science in order to improve the conditions of work of one particular set of workers—the coal miners: this is the Safety in Mines Research Board, with its main laboratory at Sheffield, the other, where large-scale work goes on, out at Buxton. Though the main laboratory is among the buildings of Sheffield University, the Board is quite independent, and is supported out of the Miners Welfare Fund, which is raised by a levy of 1d. a ton on all the coal mined in this country. Don't imagine, however, that all the research on safety and health in mines is done here: a good deal is carried out in the Mining Departments of various Universities, one of which I also visited, at Birmingham.

Then there is the interesting research being done by Government, through the Industrial Health Research Board under the Medical Research Council. One of their most interesting lines of study is the investigation of what is called occupational neurosis—neurasthenia, worry, nervous breakdown, and so on, caused by the conditions of work; this is extending the idea of industrial disease to diseases of the mind. It is going to be very important from the point of view of better health for the workers and also from that of the employer in reducing wasteful labour turnover and absence through sickness. Then there are important studies on the effect of noise on workers' comfort and output.

Effecting Co-operation between Machines and Men

Some of the work is farmed out—for instance, to the Psychology Laboratory in Manchester University, which I visited earlier. This is one of the few University Departments of Psychology where full-scale tests on industrial workers under industrial conditions can be carried out. Some research has been carried on here showing that training in one kind of simple manual work is of little help in learning dexterity in another manual operation, which obviously has a bearing on the methods of training to be adopted in factories.

Industrial health links on closely with what is generally called Industrial Psychology. This, however, is something much broader. It, too, is dealing with the human factor in industry, but instead of dealing primarily with industrial disease and the prevention of ill-health, it sets itself the more positive task of finding out how to promote greater efficiency in all ways other than technical improvement of machinery and processes. To do this, it all the time stresses the necessity of not thinking of work in purely mechanical terms, but in terms of a co-operation between a machine and a human organism. The machine works mechanically; the human organism does not, but has its own quite different way of working, its own feelings, its fears and its ideals, which also must be studied if the co-operation is to be fruitful. Considering the importance of the field it is really absurd that there is only one institution in the country which deals exclusively with it, and that this is a private body which, though it receives some grants from research, must go into commerce and make money in order to carry on. This is the National Institute of Industrial Psychology in Aldwych. It is true that the Industrial Health Research Board, under the Medical Research Council, also undertakes some work of this character; but, as its name indicates, it is largely concerned with the more straightforward questions of physical health, and in any case does not venture so far into the subtleties of psychology as applied to industry and its problems.

The Institute supports itself largely by advising firms as to improvements which could be made in lay-out, lighting, measures for saving waste of movements or of energy by operatives in carrying out a process, and so on. Such work has often been criticised as being only in the employer's interest and being used merely to speed up output to the limit of the worker's physiological capacities. That it could be so abused is obvious, but it is also obvious that if so abused it will eventually defeat its own aims. The founder of motion-study methods, the American engineer Taylor, did introduce a number of harsh features into the system he devised. However, this was precisely because he was an engineer, not a psychologist, and did not

take the men's psychological reactions sufficiently into consideration—with the result that his schemes in their original form would not work.

If properly carried out, work of this sort will not only pay the employer, but will help the employees by reducing the fatigue of their jobs, and often by making it possible for them to earn more in a given time.

Helping the Right People to Find the Right Job

But in some ways the most interesting things the Institute is doing concern vocational guidance and vocational selection. They look into the cases of boys and girls leaving school, and prescribe for them the type of job they might go into. The kind of work may be entirely different from what the children themselves say they want to do, or from what their parents suggest. An experiment along these lines with a group of school children in London was so promising that the education authorities in Birmingham decided to try a similar experiment themselves. Half of a group of children were advised in the ordinary way at the Conferences on choice of employment attached to the school; the other half were in addition tested by specially trained workers. The tests concerned manual dexterity, mechanical ability, clerical ability, performance tests with concrete problems, and ordinary intelligence tests. In addition, special temperament charts were constructed for each child, to include estimates of such qualities as initiative, perseverance, and so on. The type of jobs recommended varied from clerical posts to routine factory work, from page-boy to skilled apprentice. The results as checked by a follow-up investigation were pretty conclusive. The children who had been specially tested and had followed the tester's advice proved to have been much the most satisfactorily placed, as judged by the length of time the first job was held, by the proportion who continued in the same job throughout the period, by the opinion of the employers, and by the opinion of the children themselves. The tested children who took jobs against the tester's advice were the least satisfactorily placed, with the untested children intermediate. It is interesting to find that unsatisfactory results arise not only from round pegs in square holes—such as workers in clerical posts whose real gift is manual dexterity; not only from small pegs in big holes—children taking on jobs beyond their real powers; but also from big pegs in small holes—workers who get discontented because their job doesn't give scope for their abilities or their initiative.

The same sort of tests, of course, can be applied from the employer's point of view, to select the best-suited from among a number of applicants for a particular job. A good deal of this is being done by the Institute, and also by the Industrial Health Research Board, who have, for instance, been quite successful in prophesying the suitability of candidates for driving tanks in the Tank Corps: similar work is going on as regards tests for suitability for Army signallers, aviators, and so on.

These methods are still in their infancy, but it seems certain that in them we have a most valuable addition to the ordinary methods of judging by examination results or on a hasty interview, and that as they are improved and more widely adopted the country will profit a great deal from the reduction of labour turnover, from general increase in efficiency, and, most of all in the long run, from the greater contentment and satisfaction which comes from having work in accordance with your aptitudes and abilities instead of in conflict with them.

Where Vocational Guidance Clashes with Family Life

This vocational guidance comes up against family life. It is surprising how often it turns out that a boy's parents have no views as to what he should become, or, when they do have views, how often these are at variance with the real bent of the boy's character and aptitude. And in quite a number of cases a conflict is revealed. It may be a conflict with obvious motives, as when the parents want a child to go into a poor sort of job because it will bring in money at once, and the child wants something better; or the motives may be deep below the surface, and the conflict date back to infancy and be due to such causes as obscure jealousy between father and son, accentuated maybe by over-fondness on the part of the mother. With this sort of problem industrial psychology does not attempt to deal; but there are agencies for dealing with it, some on a very large scale. The London County Council used to have an official holding the special post of psychologist. He was familiar to wireless listeners as Dr. Cyril Burt. One of his varied jobs was to study the children who were backward at school, and among these the children whose backwardness depended on neurosis made a well-marked type. Now Burt has become Professor in London

University, the London County Council have not filled the post, but carry on some of the work by sending such children to the Child Guidance Clinic in Islington, or the Institute of Medical Psychology in Bloomsbury. The results are often startling. A great many children, it turns out, are not only backward in work and largely wasting their time at school, but are also unhappy and headed towards graver trouble, such as neurosis, in the years to come, just because they are in a mental tangle; not only this, but the mental tangle can often be set straight, or at least straighter, by taking quite simple steps in consultation with the child's parents and teachers.

Applying Psychology to Social Problems

Psychology is showing us the surprising degree of inherent differences between different individual human minds; it is also showing how wide are the limits within which any given human mind can be moulded during its growth; and finally it is showing that one of the commonest incidents during the growth of minds is a conflict of impulses, with final repression of one set into the unconscious, where it continues to influence our conscious thoughts and feelings without our realising it—with the result, in fact, that our knowledge about our own minds and motives is practically always both incomplete and incorrect, and that the more strongly we feel about an opinion the more likely it is that it is held on irrational grounds.

Let us see how all this applies to various social problems. First there is the law. Here I had the opportunity of an interesting talk with Mr. Hamblin Smith, who was a prison doctor for over thirty years, and has consistently tried to apply psychological principles to the cases he has been called on to deal with. I won't try to summarise his views, but will just say what mine were after our talk. He confirmed the belief I had already gained from various books, that psychology can be a valuable ally not only to the law, but to the prisoner and to society. There are quite a number of types of cases that regularly come up in police-courts which are better dealt with by psychology than by punishment. To take one example, many petty thefts are executed by young people without any motive that seems adequate. Psychological study shows that many of these are the result of the impulses of self-expression being persistently frustrated, until they seek an outlet in theft, either by way of a symbolic revenge upon society, or to gratify some thwarted desire for vanity or possession. Such cases can often be put right by adjustment or home life or living conditions, while imprisonment would only have aggravated them. Various sex offences can also best be dealt with in this sort of way. In general, courts should have professional psychologists attached to them. They alone are qualified by their training to shed light on the deeper sources of the motives of accused persons.

There is undoubtedly room for punishment in the treatment of lawbreakers: but there is also room—and indeed crying need—for what we have not got at all, a system of detention aimed at cure, in which the offender is looked on as diseased, instead of, or at least as well as, criminal or immoral, and psychotherapy is used, among other agencies, to cure him and send him back as a fit member of society.

Wanted—Department for 'Public Relations'

With law and sex we are already in the field of social psychology. One could indeed give a whole series of talks on the subject; here, however, merely for lack of space, I shall confine myself to one or two special points. In the first place, then, I would like to stress the need for more psychology in the art and business of government. Government is inevitably becoming more of a technical affair, concerned with increasingly complicated problems. Further, the problems it has to tackle are changing all the time. Both the complication of the problems and the rapidity of change are much greater than in any previous period of history. In the circumstances, government cannot be successful unless it either has great power and is very autocratic, or else unless it gets the understanding and interest of the population it is governing. Even the autocratic governments of to-day depend a great deal on propaganda and mass-suggestion, though these may be rather crude—witness Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany. It is vital for them to have propaganda which is psychologically along the right lines. Germany has recognised this by establishing a Ministry of Press and Propaganda.

In this country we are trying more democratic methods. Here it is even more important to ensure that the mass of the people should be interested in what the government is after, and understand its problems and its policies sufficiently to feel real enthusiasm for its main aims. Already we have sporadic examples to show that this truth is recognised—such as the campaign of enlightenment that has recently been carried out on the subject of slums, or the excellent work that was done last year in explaining the national advantages of last year's Conversion Loan. But the principle wants to be recognised in every department. Crude propaganda is not good enough; people like to be taken into the confidence of the powers that be. To accomplish this properly, a new art is needed—propaganda in the good sense, information and persuasion, publicity that is not

mere advertising: the Government and all its departments ought to realise that its relations with the public are a very important branch of its activities. Perhaps "public relations" is the best phrase. Already the Post Office has made a beginning by appointing a Public Relations Officer; but there should be a whole Department of Public Relations, which, of course, would have to base its activities on applied psychology. But I must not launch out into speculations about the future. I would only ask you to think what could be achieved in regard to public health, the popular understanding of financial proposals, campaigns against noise or against smoke, campaigns for town-planning or for the preservation of the countryside, and a thousand and one other matters of national importance. We need an all-round extension of the 'Public Relations' system, with a backing of sound psychological advice.

Diagnosis of Our Greatest Trouble

I wonder how many people will agree with me when I say that the greatest single trouble of this country today, outside the pressing economic sphere, is the lack of outlets for collective enthusiasm, collective beliefs, collective idealism—which has become especially acute with the decay of orthodox religion as a vital popular force? Perhaps I should say the lack of certain kinds of good outlets. There are plenty of outlets good in their way, but insufficient in others, like sport; and other outlets which are more embracing but bad, like narrow nationalist patriotism or class-spirit. Human nature, as at present organised, feels the lack of such outlets, and in their absence makes them for itself, often in unsatisfactory form—witness the crudeness and violence mixed up with the idealism and the enthusiasm in German Fascism. It is clear, however, that both technical advice from psychological science, and the scientific spirit in the shape of careful planning, would be needed to avoid the dangers that arise from idealisms kindled for a wrong or unsatisfactory end, or allowed to stamp out variety and freedom of thought by their very enthusiasm. Collective enthusiasms and beliefs are to the community very much what private enthusiasms and beliefs are to the individual. I am sure that sweeping statement can have a lot of holes picked in it; but it is roughly true—and brings us face to face with the idea that the community is in a real sense an organism, with laws of its own, capable of scientific study like any other phenomenon. That study results in the science of sociology—still very much in its infancy, but capable of enormous development. I heard Sir Josiah Stamp, at the British Association this year, make a strong appeal for the canalisation of as many as possible of the best scientific brains of the young generation away from the sciences of matter—physics and chemistry—into the sciences of life—biology, psychology, and sociology. He was quite right; it is there that the danger-point lies now. We have got as much control as we need over lifeless nature; we have practically no control over human nature, and over the monsters we have unconsciously created, or at least allowed to grow up unchecked, in the shape of economic systems, unintelligent moralities, nationalist sovereign states, mass ignorance and mass hysteria.

One sweeping conclusion—devastating to many timid minds—to which we are led by a scientific study of man and society, is that no absolute standards exist, in morality, truth, art or anything else: they all are relative. This is most simply seen in the field of morality, where the idea of what is right and wrong actually and inevitably changes with change in the form and outlook of society. We have mistaken the abstract for the absolute. There is an abstract idea of good—but it has no content. The content of the idea, and therefore of morality, is and must always be relative. In other words, we have to build the best possible system of morality, as we have to organise the best possible system of education or public health.

Bringing the Social System Under Control

We are influenced by our social environment to an extent that most of us do not realise—and would perhaps be horrified at first if we did realise it. The influence may take the form of a reaction against the existing order, but it is none the less real and compelling. That has two lessons—in the first place, one aim of education should be to teach people to discount the unconscious prejudices that their social environments impress upon them. The other is that the social and economic system is in large measure at least subject to deliberate and scientific control, though it will be as tough a job to bring it under control as it was to bring nature under control; and that we can only expect to have people leading full, rich lives (which is, I suspect, the right approach to the eternal problem of happiness) if we bring into existence the right kind of social and economic system for the community. The quality of human life is determined by the social organisation, much as the quality of a commercial product is determined by the machinery and processes used to make it. It may be very Utopian: but meanwhile our lives are being determined by the social machinery around us, and if we don't try for a scientific solution of the problem we shall have an unscientific one forced upon us, in the shape of Fascism, or revolution, or just chaos and drift.



Psycho-galvanometer, to register variations in emotional tension



Weavers' test

The girl has to thread the wire through the eyelets, making movements similar to those employed in picking up a dropped thread



Mechanics' test

Repairing inaccessible parts of machines



Embroideresses' test for long-arm movements

Rubber thimbles must be transferred quickly from one row of pegs to another



Test for divided attention

The would-be engineering apprentice taps with one hand and inserts pegs into the board with the other: from time to time the examiner switches on the light, whereupon the candidate stops pegging and switches it off



Memory test for position of articles

Sixteen common objects are shown on the board for a short time, and after an interval the candidate for retail sales apprenticeship must fill in a blank form to correspond

Some Tests to Avoid Industrial Misfits

By courtesy of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology

*Musical Views Enlarged**The Appeal of Chopin*

By ERIC BLOM

*'Chopin on his own ground cannot be surpassed, and before one can reach another standing-place one must travel by a road that seems dull and unpromising from the existing view-point. It would even be mournful to think, if it were not totally incredible, that one could possibly come to prefer the close, industrious development of some short first subject in a sonata movement, or the busy maze of a fugue, or any sort of equable, central-heated music to the fire and ice of Chopin'**

THIS comes from Mr. J. D. M. Rorke's narrative of the earliest stage of that musical pilgrimage of which he leaves us such a fascinating record in one of the most delightful of all musical books, which it is not in the least surprising to see reissued in a revised and enlarged edition.

Mr. Rorke did once feel like that about Chopin, and no doubt his early infatuation was a happy one. But as we read on we find that the incredible happened to him: Chopin, though Mr. Rorke never fell out of love with him, as those who have to listen to him professionally too often do, found himself faced with rivals beside whom he paled. Wagner exercised his more ruthless sway, then came some minor flirtations and some exciting adventures that distracted the pilgrim, until at last he fastened his abiding love on Beethoven. Of Chopin he can still speak affectionately, but the early passion has calmed down to a reasonable, friendly understanding.

But Mr. Rorke is not satisfied with just leaving it at that. He seeks very earnestly for an explanation, and as he finds a very convincing one, it is comforting to have his views. It really is distressing to think that Chopin can so enchant us at one time and then so thoroughly disillusion us later—for we are not all so fortunate as Mr. Rorke in being able to go back to him without misgivings.

One works through Chopin [this most penetrating of lay critics writes]. The very lucidity of his music has this reverse side, that one exhausts its possibilities. It is so direct and clear in its appeal, the intention can be so completely grasped, that, one might say, you come to see all round it. Gissing says of certain passages in *'The Tempest'*: "... their virtue can never be so entirely savoured as to leave no pungency of gusto for the next approach". That is exactly what one cannot say of Chopin's music; it can be savoured to the last note.

Now let us be quite sure that 'one' stands really for the singular case of Mr. Rorke. He differs from the professional critics by still including Chopin among the vital things in a whole musical experience which has made him see through that composer, whereas they, from sheer satiety, generally tend rather to exclude him, though theoretically they do not cease to admire his work. But our enterprising pilgrim differs still more from the general public from whose ranks he was raised by his keen perceptions and the fine edge of his pen. For there are a good many people who stick fast in Chopin for good and all, so content with the soft sweetness that envelops them as never to dream of asking for anything else.

Other music [says Mr. Rorke] will either have a touch of the Chopin quality; in which case, good, but why not the pure fountain itself? Or it will be different from Chopin, and every respect in which it differs will be a falling short of the most satisfying and most thrilling appeal possible.

Now this is nothing at all to be ashamed of. To be thus in the thrall of Chopin is to live in a happy state of primæval musical innocence. He may keep his ardent lovers from more spiritual attachments, but he also makes them immune from the danger of liking ignoble music. After all, he is always aristocratic, always intent on quality. The trouble is that his music contains and involves too much emotion. Nobody could be quite so avid of that as to be craving it continually, which explains that the average lover of music, who can choose his time for his plunge into the warm, soothing, aromatic bath, is reasonably safe from being enervated by it, whereas those who have got to submit to it whether they are in the mood or not cannot fail to find it trying before very long. It is true that Mr. Rorke was not among those who are obliged to submit; but being not merely a lover, but an inquirer into the cause of his love, he no doubt forced himself to do so again and again in order to still a kind of hunger for the truth, to satisfy his conscience that Chopin could withstand any trial of his admirer's affection. It was not wise, perhaps, though valiant. The prudent lover does

not seek to find out whether all his mistress' gushing protestations are sincere, nor does he take her cosmetics at anything but what is literally their face value. Mr. Rorke, too anxious for the truth, was fated to discover an admixture of falsity in the object of his first musical devotion.

The emotional content, he tells us, burnt itself out of Chopin, out of one work after another. We can imagine why: it had burnt too fiercely. That is why we can become indifferent to music of his which even in a state of exasperation at having to listen to it once again we cannot deny to be perfect in its way. Chopin at his best—and he is astonishingly often at his best—has no defects, so far as his particular aims go. It is not through faults that his music begins to pall. What it suffers from is an excess of its qualities. It is too drenched with beauty; it is almost sodden with feeling. Mr. Rorke came to see this, with what dismay he does not care to tell, and what opened his eyes, it seems, was a chance reading in a literary review of the question: 'Does this poem represent any more than a sensuous moment?' He came in the end to this conclusion: 'We may cross-examine the music, or cross-examine ourself enjoying it, and fail again and again to spot the deficiency. But there is that one fatal question: "Does this music represent more than a sensuous moment?" On that, a silence. We find we cannot answer "Yes"'.

Mr. Rorke is aware of what links this sensuous Chopin to the plain hearer. The two are psychologically akin. He puts it that Chopin's music expresses the composer's fantasy-life and, though every composer's does that to some extent, he 'exhibits that sort of compensation-fantasy which drives shop-girls to novelettes about young lords and duchesses and rule-ridden schoolboys to tales of pirates and crooks'. For Mr. Rorke is perfectly right to make it plain that there was very little romance in all Chopin's career and very little tragedy or passion or heroism, for all that biographers have tried to explain his life from his music. That the breach with the terribly managing, cigar-smoking Georges Sand was a great grief to him is simply no longer to be maintained, and the famous holiday on Majorca, which produced such heart-broken music, was far from poetically sorrowful, but merely miserably rainy and dimly dull. That life went on ordinarily enough for Chopin his letters show only too plainly; he lived fully only in his imagination, and it was that imagination which got itself written down on music paper. Now this is exactly what suits people who are condemned to live even more ordinary lives. Of course only few such people, shop-girls or anyone else, are content with novelettes; they find something better to spend their emotions on and to live a perfectly innocent double life with. Among these better things is the music of Chopin, which in fact is so good that it fills the whole need with amazing completeness, at any rate so far as music is concerned.

This is how it comes that to countless people Chopin gives music enough for a lifetime. He is absorbing with his poetry and emotion and romantic adventure; he will let his devotees think of nothing else except by those invidious comparisons on which Mr. Rorke throws such a searching light. But when we come to those who have adventures of their own, Chopin's fictions are no longer enough to satisfy their deeper need, though they may continue to give pleasure at intervals. And it is obvious, I think, that the constant occupation with music or its ardent cultivation, such as that at which Mr. Rorke eventually arrived, is in itself so great a direct and personal adventure that Chopin's dream substitutes, even the most impassioned and lovely, shrivel before the reality of experience. It is no reproach to him, it is rather in a sense his glory, that he is the plain music lover's rather than the specialist's or even the enlightened amateur's composer; but the curious fact remains, and it is good to find so satisfactory an explanation of it at last in the book of one who has converted himself from an instinctive admirer of music to one of its acutest critics.

* *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*. By J. D. M. Rorke. Oxford University Press. 6s. Page 25 et seq.

'The Debate Continues'—VIII

The Ultimate Aims of the Labour Party

By the Rt. Hon. SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P.

THE question that we are all asking today is whether, under our existing economic system, it will ever be possible to distribute to the masses of the people the great wealth of food and manufactured articles that we are now capable of producing. At the present time this is not possible. Not only are millions of the people unemployed against their wishes, but we witness every day the contrast between great wealth of the few and great poverty of the many, a contrast which has grown in intensity in recent years.

I am sure that no thinking citizen desires this state of affairs to continue. We all want to improve the standard of living of the people and to eliminate unemployment. But we cannot achieve this by mere wishing. We must either increase the total amount of our national wealth or else re-distribute it in some way amongst the people. Our national wealth is made up primarily of the raw materials, food stuffs and manufactured goods that we produce by hand and brain power. The more we can produce as a community, the higher should be the standard of life all round. But if we have an economic system that keeps two or three million of the people idle and non-producing, there must be less national wealth and so a lower standard of living all round.

It is said that our present capitalist system must be preserved. That the continued ownership and control of the land, mines and factories by private individuals is an essential condition of industry. Do we ever ask ourselves why, if it produces so much poverty and unemployment, we must preserve it? Every country where that system prevails is, like our own, devastated by the problem of unemployment. This crisis in the economic system is nothing new, though it has grown in intensity with the growing mechanisation of industry. It is this crisis that has driven many countries to Fascism, that has forced the United States of America into the most extreme experiments, and that today is making the task of successive French Governments almost impossible.

In this country we have resorted to the reduction of benefits, and the Poor Law Means Test for the unemployed (the most cruel of expedients), cuts in salaries and wages, forcing up prices, and cutting down social services to try and assure to the owners of the land and the factories a sufficient return to enable them to maintain production. Yet every one of these expedients reduces our power to distribute the various commodities we produce.

It is the great mass of workers by brain and hand, and not the few rich people, who must provide the market for staple commodities and mass-produced articles. If the purchasing power of the people is reduced we make it impossible to distribute to them freely the output of our farms and factories. And so we get the amazing spectacle of millions of men, women and children needing, let me say, cotton under-clothes, woollen clothing, and boots, while hundreds of thousands of their fellow workers are prevented from giving their labour to produce these very articles in the factories that are idle or are working on short time.

Where is this block in the channel of distribution and how are we to get rid of it? Until we have found and removed this blockage it is clear from what we see around us that we cannot cure unemployment or get a decent standard of living for the people of this country. The policy of the Labour Party is designed to deal with this fundamental difficulty. At the present time no commodity can be produced and distributed unless in the process it returns a profit to the owner of the factory, farm or mine. To the owner the price received for the article must yield a profit over and above all the so-called costs of production. If the price which the consumer can afford or is willing to pay is too low to yield this profit and pay the charges for rent and interest, then the enterprise must be closed down and the employees turned adrift to swell the numbers of the unemployed. However much the community may need the commodity, however many people may be willing to work at its production, the factory will be closed unless it yields rent, profit and interest. It is to assure these payments to individuals that the National Government are trying to force up prices and to reduce the costs of production. But to do this is useless, as it results in the people having less money to pay higher prices and so they can purchase fewer goods. All sorts of different devices, monetary and otherwise, have been attempted to give better distribution within capitalism, but nowhere have these devices succeeded in the past nor can they succeed in effecting a cure. They may have some temporary effect, good or bad; like a stimulant given to a sick patient, they cannot cure the disease.

It is the necessity for maintaining individual profits, rent and interest, which is fundamental to a system of private ownership that constitutes the block in the channel of distribution. We have actually proved this fact in our own country in the past. Let me give you an example. In the first half of the last century the roads in this country were largely built under Turnpike

Acts. The Turnpike Trusts were authorised to make a charge to the road user, and out of it they provided for the interest on the monies spent on the construction, rent of the land and cost of upkeep and the profits necessary to give an inducement for building and managing the road. In 1864 there were over 20,000 miles of such roads in England. This was a private profit-earning system to provide and distribute roads; in many places roads were hopelessly bad; in others no roads were provided as it did not pay the Trusts. The people realised that to get a proper and convenient distribution of roads a better system was necessary. So the turnpikes were gradually abolished on fair terms to the owners and it was decided that the community should provide its own roads, not for profit, but for use. This change removed the block in the channel of road distribution, and today, under a purely socialist system of road provision, regardless of any question of private or state profit, we have achieved the widest and most complete distribution of roads. The same can be said of education, sewerage and a number of other essential services. So we know from our own experience how to cure this trouble of distribution, and in doing it we can compensate equitably the owners of private property. The Labour Party's policy is to apply a similar cure to our other problems of distribution—housing, for instance, transport or mining.

We, as a community, must insist that these services and commodities are made available for those who need them. We have the men, the materials and the money, then let us produce and distribute the goods; nothing stands in our way but the profit-earning system, and there is no reason for its preservation. Different industries will, of course, require different individual treatment, and we cannot deal with them all at the same moment. But granted the control of national finance and the land, the Government will be able to formulate an intelligent plan of distribution. Not a plan which is to provide every private owner with a profit so that he may carry on his business, but a plan under which the commodities and services which the people need can be supplied because they are needed and when they are needed.

It is no more necessary that a profit should be provided to the State or individual on house-building, let me say, than on road-building or education. It is far more important to provide a house as we did through the municipalities under the Wheatley Scheme, than to provide a profit for the contractor or a municipality. To complete distribution of the houses we must either see that the tenant has sufficient wages or salary to pay the rent demanded by increasing his earnings, or we must reduce the rent demanded to a level compatible with his present wage or salary. If we do the latter the community as a whole will provide any extra required to pay for the building of the houses, as they now provide the whole cost of the roads or of primary education. Exactly the same principle is applicable to transport, or coal or any other essential commodity.

The payment of wages and salaries is one of our methods of distributing the national wealth so as to enable the recipients to get a share of the commodities produced by the whole community.

It is by regulating this distribution of purchasing power that we can provide the necessary means for distributing all the products of industry. But this can only be done if the community as a whole is responsible for the whole production; prices can then be made to match the consumers' ability to purchase. Although road engineers and navvies are paid salaries and wages we have decided to make no charge for the roads; yet we say because the cost of getting coal must be met out of its price, we cannot provide the coal at less than a certain price, and because we say that and at the same time give an inadequate share of purchasing power to millions of our people, we prevent the distribution of coal into the hundreds of thousands of homes where men, women and children are sitting shivering.

To change the motive power for industrial production from that of private profit to that of community needs is a big change; but is it bigger than is warranted by our difficulties and the suffering and privations of millions of our fellow men and women? I think not. I believe the younger generation are impatient with our present system and are prepared for the change. The Capitalist parties, Conservative and Liberal, have had decades in which to try and solve this question, and we are now as far from a solution as ever. Mr. Baldwin recently said in the House of Commons, 'There is that great corps of unemployed, we do not yet know what the numbers may be, all we know is that there may be a million men or a million and a half or possibly something fewer than a million, but there will be a vast number for whom there is but little hope of employment being found in the country'. In view of this statement I ask the Prime Minister when he concludes these talks next week to answer this

simple question: Does he believe that the perpetuation of the private profit-earning system is necessary to the salvation of this country?

Once the workers by brain and hand, who form the vast majority of the people, have decided that such a change as we suggest is desirable, vested interests must not be allowed to stand in its way. Neither the financial interests of the City of London nor the great industrial combinations of factory owners and employers nor the House of Lords have any right in a democratic country to withstand the expressed will of the people. We want electors of this country to realise the cause of our economic difficulties, for once they do that, they must of necessity approve the way out put forward by the Labour Party. We as a party are seeking a clear and unmistakable mandate from the people to embark upon this charge. The Party is pledged, on its return to power, to embark upon a policy which will effect this change with as little delay as possible. It is not the intention of the Labour Party to attempt merely to tinker with the Capitalist system, for we are convinced that within Capitalism there can be no solution of our problems. Government after government in this country has attempted a solution within Capitalism but has failed. Government after government all over the world has made similar attempts but met with the same failure. Liberalism is no alternative. It is an outworn creed which meets today with universal failure. The return of Free Trade or a programme of public works will never solve the fundamental difficulty of distributing raw materials and commodities in a highly mechanised age. The problem can only be solved by a new technique of distribution—distribution for use and not for profit.

It is not only in our domestic policy that new ideas and new methods are required. We are today, under the leadership of the National Government, drifting back to re-armament and war. War like the domestic struggles of strikes and lockouts is the inevitable outcome of competitive capitalism. Its roots lie not in armaments but in the economic rivalries of nations. It was economic pressure that drove the Japanese capitalists to attack Manchuria, and it is economic pressure that is driving the present German dictators to rouse up forces and make demands which have undermined all sense of security in Europe. We are convinced that this country could lead the world to a new conception of international obligations, a conception based on the common interest of the workers of the world, which has no concern with the piling up of individual profits or the exploitation of less highly developed countries. We have no quarrels with the workers of other countries, and the Labour Party is pledged to do its utmost by all the means at its disposal to rally the workers to the cause of Peace. The workers of this country must refuse to be made the tools of the Nationalist economic rivalries, and to go to war to resolve the conflicts of contending Capitalist Nations. We desire to minimise the dangers of war by the total

disarmament of all nations and the substitution of an International Police Force, but this can only be achieved if the nations are willing to subordinate their individual wishes to the good of the world community. It is the lack of willingness to do this that is leading us back to the international chaos that brought us the tragedies and sufferings of the Great War.

The Labour Party is convinced that we as a country must offer to lead the world by the example of our own willingness to sacrifice some of our own wishes and interests in order to attain the possibility of peace. But above all, some end must be made to the economic rivalries of the great competitive capitalist nations. Those countries that realise the necessity for economic co-operation as a basis of peace must get together and form the nucleus of a great co-operative world community. Though it may take long to reach the ideal of a non-competitive peaceful world community, we shall never realise it unless we make a start to try and attain it. It is something worth struggling for, but re-armament, tariffs, quotas, and other forms of economic war will make it impossible. If we set our minds on this great adventure, this crusade to free our fellow men and women from the tragedy that we now call life, how are we to achieve it?

There are some who say that democracy has failed and is powerless. I do not believe it. The trouble is we are not giving democracy a chance. Our machinery is too old, it needs bringing up to date. Imagine what a hopeless result we should produce if we tried to run our express trains with Stephenson's old Rocket locomotive. We want a Parliament that can carry out efficiently the will of the people, a truly democratic assembly with full power to control Ministers, directing them and making them do what the people want done. A parliamentary system such as we have today is not truly democratic at all. A House of Lords servile to reaction but blocking all progress has no place in a true democracy. Nor is the practically unfettered legislation by ministerial orders in council on the advice of their departments or tariff commission consistent with true democracy. Yet with our present Parliament, so clumsy and inadequate is its procedure that the only alternative to such legislation is to do nothing. There is the gravest danger that, unless we build a new and more efficient machine, we shall get a complete breakdown as they have had in other countries, and then the forces of reaction will step in as we have seen them do in Germany.

The Labour Party alone is prepared to take those steps which may yet save democracy and make it a real living force. I appeal especially to those of you who are younger and are fired by the desire to see things done, to change the old bad system to something newer and better. I ask you to put your whole weight and energies behind the Labour Party in its determination to lead the people of this country out of the present economic slavery into an era of hope, employment and peace.

Behind the Scenes of Broadcasting

The B.B.C. Year Book, 1934. B.B.C. 2s.

TEN YEARS IS A SHORT PERIOD in the life of mankind, still more in the realm of science, yet it is within that time that British broadcasting has come to be. And today some twenty-five million of us are taking its gifts as a matter of course. This large figure is given in the *B.B.C. Year Book* for 1934, where the story of modern broadcasting is told in diagrams, pictures and the written word. Though we may take our wireless set for granted each day, yet those of least imagination will be roused to feelings of wonder and gratitude by such a record. It kindles something of the excitement a man feels when, after enjoying a play, he goes behind the scenes. The *Year Book* reveals secrets. In its pages the B.B.C. takes the public into its confidence, answers questions, meets criticism, and explains once more the goal towards which each member of the vast organisation is working—the goal of how best to serve the public.

No better illustration can be given of the standard maintained by the B.B.C. than in the chapter devoted to 'Religious Broadcasting'. Realising that 'the religious impulse is the most vital force in human life' the B.B.C. has worked with one main object in view, *viz.*, to proclaim the principles common to all Christian communions. And apparently letters from listeners show already one main result—that of 'increased tolerance'.

Then there is the subject of programme-building. The reader is taken behind the scenes at Broadcasting House and led from the first casting many weeks ahead of actual performance through the several stages of booking of artists and speakers, rehearsals, duplication of services, simultaneous broadcasts, finance, connection with the engineers and announcers—besides all the outside broadcasters—sport, foreign relays and news. How is it all done? How can listeners hear a talk from the top of Table Mountain one moment, and be dead certain about the boom of Big Ben another? One of the excellent diagrams in the book supplies a part at any rate of the answer. This diagram (page 47) may be called the family tree, where the programme is traced back through its many relations and col-

laterals to its original parentage. Readers too should not miss the story of how a day was spent in Regent's Park sizing up family parties in search of 'a householder under £350 a year, a wife and three children, three only, all of school age' for one of the talks in the Budget series. And of how, towards evening, he was found. The Editor evidently understands the appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, for full use is made of diagrams and maps. Towards the end of the book there is a map of Europe dotted over with all the broadcasting stations. Such aerial inter-communication gives much food for thought: especially perhaps to the 'isolationist'. Another effective diagram is one in which the total revenue from licences is shown, and how the sum is appropriated. Exploring further behind the scenes at Broadcasting House, the reader is taken into the Control Room, that 'technical nerve-centre of broadcasting', and introduced to the engineers. He is shown what has been done during the year in research work for television, short wave lengths, studio acoustics, modulation recording, the completion of the S.B. land-line network and many another facet of broadcast engineering.

The educational side of broadcasting is dealt with in many different parts of the *Year Book*. School broadcasting is shown to be successful subject to three important conditions, (a) the 'microphone personality' of the speaker, (b) the good-will of the teacher, (c) a reliable standard of reception. Over four thousand schools are now taking broadcast lessons. Gradual progress has also been made in Broadcast Adult Education, especially in the North where 'the tradition of good listening' is a characteristic.

There is more, much more, of interest in this book. For example, the B.B.C.'s relationship with the Press today—and ten years ago: the Corporation's endeavour to deal fairly with the prejudices as well as the opinions of all political parties: the development during the year of the Empire Broadcasting Service, and the effect already produced in so far as it can be gauged from listeners' letters throughout the world.

MERIEL TALBOT

God and the World through Christian Eyes—XXIII

The Christian Hope of Immortality

By the Rev. FATHER C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

BY the phrase 'The Christian Hope of Immortality': we do not mean that the Christian merely hopes that his soul will not 'die' together with his body, because he would not be a Christian at all if he thought it would. On various grounds he holds as *certain* that his soul will not cease to exist when his body falls apart and disappears, but is indestructible: he hopes that through the merits of Jesus Christ Our Lord its life hereafter will be a happy one. This talk, in its place in this series, is not meant to be an argumentative or philosophical one. Yet I could not possibly set forth adequately my outlook upon the subject if I did not insist that Catholic Christianity does not regard belief in immortality as due to sentiment nor even to Christian tradition or authority alone. It regards the spirituality and indestructibility of the soul as demonstrable by reason.

Spooks, Sentiment and Soul

It has been suggested that Christians believe in immortality simply because the Bible teaches it: that others believe it because of ghost-stories or spiritualist manifestations; or 'because everyone has believed it'; or because men want to see their friends again; or because if justice is not done hereafter and certainly is not done here, man's life would be revolting tragedy.

Such a presentation of the grounds of the Christian belief, at any rate, is so inadequate as to be grotesque. Certainly, if you are a Christian and consider that you have good grounds for believing what the Scriptures teach, you will believe in immortality because it is part of their doctrine: but that is no good to the man who does not believe in the Scriptures. And if you believe in a Just God, you will admit that He must bring justice to pass, if not here, then hereafter. But this will not help the atheist.

On the other hand, there is no difficulty whatsoever, scientific or other, in the fact that we cannot 'imagine' the human soul as alive and energising apart from the body—why, we cannot imagine it even in its association with the body. The imagination necessarily 'pictures' things in a bodily way—all its 'images' are derived through the senses. The mathematician can fix his attention and encourage his intelligence to think about the idea of 'circle' by drawing a round black line on white paper. But the curve he draws most certainly is not a circle. When thinking about abstract, or, again, spiritual things, you ought to get rid of the imagination as much as possible, unless it helps you. Thus if it helps one to 'imagine' an angel as a young man with feathery wings, one is at liberty to do so, provided one remembers that an angel is no such thing. The Scriptures picture the after-life, in various ways—as a feast, or a city. The Jews were helped by those metaphors. The feast-metaphor wouldn't help me—possibly because I detest long dinners; so I don't use it. Personally, I could easily 'imagine' a disembodied soul; but I would rather not do so, and use my intelligence only, so far as possible.

Science and the Soul

Still less is it legitimate to growl because the physical sciences don't come across souls, when they hunt for what is spiritual with instruments and methods suited only to what is material. Of course chemistry, anatomy, biology, etc., don't discover souls: to announce that because they don't, 'science' knows nothing of souls, implying thereby that there are not any, is only verbally less gross than the Victorian phrases 'I've dissected many a body, but my scalpel has never found a soul'; or, 'The brain exudes thought as the liver does bile'; and as off the point as to try to discover the music in the musician's mind by analysing the ink with which the 'music' is printed upon paper. I owed it to my conscience thus to clear the ground a little, lest what I say afterwards should seem just rhetoric, or sentiment, or blind assumption, or 'speaking to my book'. As a Christian, I believe what God reveals because He reveals it, and I hold that I have valid reasons for knowing what that revelation is. But also I hold I have valid intellectual grounds for acknowledging that in 'man', human man, living here, there are two principles that make him a complete though complex unit, 'body-soul'—the phrase could not be bettered and the idea is essential in Catholic philosophy—and that one principle is what we call 'matter'; the other, spiritual, and by essence indestructible, and unable, therefore, to die when the body dies. What those philosophical grounds are, I repeat that I have no call to discuss here.

The Soul's Chances

Now those who believe in God, the infinite eternal Spirit, and the immortal soul created by Him, will grant that He, all-wise no less than all-good, cannot but have created the soul (or anything else) for some purpose—in order that it should become the

perfect version of itself and do its full due work, and so, gain perfect happiness—for, happiness is simply being aware that you are well. And you could not be 'well-er' than by being exactly what God means you to be. So when the soul is separated from the body, it must be either exactly what God means it to be, or not. If not, it may be partly different, or may be wholly different. We may say we have never met an example of either extreme—absolute perfection, or utter corruption. Probably we have not. Certainly I have never knowingly met the all-bad man. Because my very flesh may have crawled at the sense of corruption exhaled by so-and-so, I still have no right to say that he has no redeeming element in him—or is, to use Plato's word, 'incurable'. I do not see what God sees; nor know what God means to do. As Christians we are forbidden to condemn, or despair of any man. And you may have seen true conversions.

Still, it is *conceivable* that a human will could express itself totally in one great choice of wrongness: the man is free enough—I dare to say, great enough—to exhale his *Self* wholly in terms of separation from, antagonism to, God. He would then pass into his hereafter self-disunited from God, and so from all that is united with God or Godlike; from all truth, goodness, beauty and reality. The possibility of this complete self-worship, self-isolation, is what underlies the Christian doctrine of hell. It is not that doctrine, exactly, but it underlies and is implied by it. It is not God who 'puts' a man 'into' hell. It is the man who can 'hell himself' by disuniting his will wholly from God's will.

The opposite extreme is, thank God, far more easily conceivable—that a man could bring himself wholly into harmony with God's plan for him, and so pass into the next world. Such an one would find nothing between himself and God. No lie in the soul; no evil loves; unhindered union; perfect happiness. Such a soul were 'en-heavened'. And Christianity, never pessimist, holds that God has revealed that innumerable souls have thus achieved their true end.

But most men, we observe, pass out of this life 'average', *i.e.*, mixtures of good and less good, maybe of bad. The good cannot be jettisoned: *we* dare not say the bad is irremediable. Even we, shortsighted and incompetent as we are, may have said of them: 'If only he would let himself be helped—taken in hand. If only I knew how to set about it! If only I could! He is spoiling himself—allowing his friends to spoil him'. But the knowledge and power lacking to us, are not lacking to God. God will not force any man's will, even to do right: but His love for each is such that He will do all save violence to a soul, that it may 'come right'. Hence it is reasonable to expect that such a soul, even hereafter, will be further purified, educated, and fully desirous of uniting itself with God and able to do so. All such purification would be punitive in this sense—that up to a point man is responsible for some part of his imperfection. Heredity, environment, so forth, cannot rob man of all his responsibility. And if punishment, and even education, always imply some pain, yet joy would exist within such pain just in proportion as the soul grew more Godlike and knew it. Again, this notion underlies the doctrine about Purgatory, which therefore does not clash with what our intelligence and our moral sense might ask.

Christ, the Soul, and this World

But Christians hold that God has not left us exclusively to the surmises or even the justified conclusions of our reason. His Revelation ratifies some of these (like His own existence, and that of the soul): other truths also have been told to us, which our intelligence alone could not have discovered. This revelation was given gradually, we hold, to and through the Hebrews, and fully in and through Jesus Christ. The Hebrews were slow to grasp the spiritual destiny of the soul. But they increasingly did so; and more than 100 years before Christ, the belief was fully formed amongst them; and the story of the Maccabees praises those who offered prayers, alms and sacrifice for the souls of those who had died. Our Lord could take belief in immortality for granted amongst all His hearers, save the small group of Sadducees, and His teaching is, quite naturally, steeped in it.

In His last recorded sentence He said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit'; and to the Thief He had said: 'This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise'. He began by preaching that change of heart which alone could admit a man into God's Kingdom: but that Kingdom had only its beginnings upon earth; as for our 'treasures'—what we prize and cling to—we must not lay them up here, but in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can destroy them, nor thief dig through and steal them. In the earthly field, wheat and weed grow side by side. Not till the end shall be the separation, when the weeds shall

be burnt up, and the good grain gathered into eternal granaries. In that imperishable heaven were to be found not only those who actually heard Him and obeyed Him, and those who in their turn should follow them, but all who in a mysterious way had done so in the past. 'Then shall the righteous shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father'. He never disguised that this would mean a sacrifice. Better to lose the whole existing world than one's own soul. Hand should be cut off, eye plucked out, rather than that everlasting life be sacrificed; daily must a man take up his cross, and follow Christ to Calvary.

There is here no pessimism, as though Christ held the world evil in itself. There is sin *in it*—world-worship even in the man who is trying to serve God. A man must disentangle himself from his own selfishness; this is painful. He loves the pleasures and the power and the wealth that the world contains, and is apt to try to get them, and more and more of them, at all costs. But if he refuses to allow Mammon to be anything but his servant, Mammon is angry, and hits back: 'in the world you shall have tribulation'. But is the Christian miserable even when persecuted? No. Never a grumble, a whine, never self-pity in the gospels! 'Your joy no man taketh from you'—even here.

And certainly Christ preaches no saving of one's own soul at the expense of that of others; or concentration on the 'next' world to the neglect of this one. The exact contrary is true. In the 'Our Father' we are to ask that His Kingdom may come, His will be done, on earth no less than in heaven: the startling parable of the sheep and goats ending with the summons of the Blessed into heaven, and the stern 'Depart from Me, you accursed', turns entirely on what we call the 'corporal works of mercy', whether or not we have served the sick, the prisoner, the lonely, the destitute, here on this earth. Doubtless a man can misuse any good or true thing—he might so concentrate on the next world as to fail in his duty in this one; and, much more probably, he could so exhaust or squander himself in philanthropy that his own character deteriorates. But most of all obvious is it, that we shall work for others, be unselfish up to self-sacrifice-point, just in proportion as we realise that each soul is infinitely and eternally precious. To work on behalf of hygiene or art, of justice and mercy, during these years, is good, and very good. But the scope of such efforts is terribly narrowed: it is like spending all you have over your son's elementary education; and a parent might not do even that, if he knew that the boy was going to die the moment he left school. No. It is when you believe in the imperishable existence and value of a man's soul, that there is nothing you will not do for his sake. An illustration: no one has ever begun to understand Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *Father Brown* who does not see that his insight, his courage, his force and his tenderness were due to his seeing each soul as something eternally valuable; as only beginning here; and able, therefore, to be eternally successful despite its would-be suicide. Those stories, believe me, aren't just 'detective stories'!

Eternal Life

Our Lord spoke much about 'Eternal Life'. This is not the same as 'immortality', though it includes it. The Christian doctrine is that God certainly has a plan and purpose for us, in fulfilling which our perfection and happiness reside. But this does not mean merely that we are to be excellent 100 per cent. versions of human nature, as a dog-rose can be improved into being an excellent rose, but never into being a dog. By His gift of Grace God does lift us into a supernatural state. By incorporation into Jesus Christ, so that we form His true mystical Body, we are adopted into being children of God, we who were but sons of men; and in us His Holy Spirit is, in a mysterious special way, to dwell. This 'new life' is different not merely in degree, but in kind, from our natural life—not that the natural life is ousted from us; but it—*it*—is raised into a higher kind of life that no human effort could have got for itself, or merited. This involves a 'new birth', of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus. It involves a new activity, of which He spoke to the woman of Samaria—the living water given freely to man leaps up into a fountain and overbrims; and its spray freshens the world. Our Lord, St. Paul, St. John spare no pains to make us realise this. Christ is the vine-stock; we, the branches; one sap circulates throughout the whole. Christ is the Bread of Life: when a man eats of that, he becomes 'one Bread' with Christ. We are living stones, columns built into the living Temple of God. We are, then, called to be incorporate in Jesus Christ, so that we live truly by His life and are truly 'one thing' with Him. When God 'sees' His Son, He sees ourselves in Him; when He sees the Christian living true to his faith, or repenting when he has sinned, God sees His Son in the Christian. This is the meaning of St. Paul's favourite phrase—the Christian exists 'in Christ'; and it alternates with that other: 'I live—no longer merely I—but Christ is living in me!'

What are the consequences, in eternity, of this union with God? St. Paul puts them in a sentence. 'Now I see as by means of a mirror, dimly: but then—face to face'. Now I know 'in part'—fragmentary truths: but then—I shall know even as I am known. That is—even now I do know true things about God; enough to make me love and try to serve Him and my neighbour for His sake: but I see Him only as reflected in the

mirror of created things; in all created things, but especially in Man, who; because of his spiritual soul is 'in the image, in the likeness', of God, the Infinite Spirit: and I see Him by means of my true ideas concerning Him—yet even they are created—mirrors, images of God. And slowly, slowly, thought after thought, experience after experience, by means of one lesson after another duly taught me by His guaranteed authority, I build up my knowledge about Him. But *then*, in a mysterious way that no man upon earth experiences, I shall see Him 'face to face', directly, wholly, as He knows me—though even then I shall not know Him 'exhaustively', as He knows Himself, else I were infinite in my knowledge, as He is. But when the perfectly purified soul thus sees God, it cannot but love Him: in heaven I can say that I shall love even as I am loved. But even now, when I love what deserves to be loved, and have my love returned, I am happy in that love, and grow like to my beloved. There is always an assimilation between lover and beloved—they grow like one another. When therefore I see and love God without any obstacle between me and Him, inevitably I 'enter into the joy of my Lord', and I become 'perfect, even as my Father in heaven is perfect'—I in my finite created way am perfect as 'your Father in heaven' is perfect in His infinite way.

Summary

So far, then, as the doctrine of Immortality is concerned, the 'natural sciences', as they are called, have nothing at all to tell us. They are fit instruments for their purpose, which is different from ours. They study, and maybe speculate upon, material things, and should not, really, overlap into philosophy. The human soul is entirely a matter for philosophy, its existence, that is; its spirituality; and its consequent indestructibility. We then said that anyone who held these for certain, and also believed in the all-Holy God, could at the very lowest surmise the triple possibility ahead of the disembodied soul: it might be wholly self-disunited from God: or, perfectly what He intended it to become and therefore fully united with Him: or, betwixt and between, substantially right with Him but still needing to be purified. We then spoke, though with terrible inadequacy, of the full Christian doctrine of 'eternal life' which includes, indeed, immortality, but goes beyond it. For, God is life and the source of life. There is no way for death of any sort to enter into Him nor into that which is united with Him. As for Christ, 'being raised from the dead, He dieth no more; death hath no more any dominion over Him': we, then, incorporated into Him, are incorporated into that living Person who displays in His own history that He has nothing to do with death. 'Blessed, from henceforward, are they who die in the Lord'. Nor is there any starting point: for death in one who is indwelt by that Living Spirit whom the Creed calls 'Lord, and Giver of Life'. 'I am come', said our Lord, 'that they might have life, and have it more abundantly': 'As the Father liveth, and hath life in Himself, so to the Son hath He given to have life in Himself . . .' (and as for the Son), 'whom He will, them maketh He alive!' I have not mentioned the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body. This would force me back into philosophy, and I should have to explain in what sense the body and the soul make one complex unity—body-soul. Enough to say that while the soul is 'thinkable' apart from the body, yet it was created to be a human soul, and not an angel: it is, then, as it were in a violent condition when not controlling what we call 'matter' in such a way as to make a 'body' of that matter. In a word: we were created to be men: when 'that which is perfect is come', we shall still be men, and at long last, perfectly so. Last of all—Reality and Life imply activity. One who is closely united with God and indwelt by His Spirit, notoriously, even on this earth, puts forth an activity, an influence, even if he or she be quite unknown and unadvertised, quite immeasurably beyond that put forth by anyone else in the world. But the en-heavened soul is perfectly united with the very source of these three things. Its activity will therefore be incalculably multiplied. The most intense activity of earth cannot compare with that of the Saints in heaven. It is always God who works through men, here or there, when good is being done: but in how many ways do we not, here, refuse Him a free hand! There, full activity is unimpeded, and it is only a hampered activity that tires you. Therefore Heaven's activity in no way interferes with our eternal peace—for what is Peace save free scope for right action?—nor with that eternal Rest that we so often pray for on behalf of the Faithful Departed who may still be not quite set free from the enchanting love for sin.

The Christian doctrine of Immortality is, then, a tremendous asset; we do not condemn those who possess it not: but their life is the poorer by a whole dimension: they are cramped, and chilled: to that extent, they are blinded, and crippled. This doctrine is positive, not negative: exhilarating, not pessimist: it tells us what we did not know, reassures us as to what we could but guess, promises what we hardly dared desire, and lifts us from the weak and the passing, into the unshakeable and enduring.

God grant, then, that by keeping our consciences as clean as maybe and being sorry when we have stained them; and by serving our fellow-men with all unselfishness, we may 'so pass through things of time, as never to lose those that are eternal'.

The Modern Columbus—VII

The Youngest City in the States

By S. P. B. MAIS

Broadcast from Seattle on November 24

I ARRIVED in Seattle on Monday night, twenty-seven hours after leaving San Francisco. There was a thick fog when I arrived, and it grew thicker and thicker, until last night it reached almost a London consistency. It was very little comfort to me to be told that it makes for a perfect pink-and-white complexion, or to be reminded that this was typical English November weather. I am just not myself when the sun is not shining, and until now I have had nothing but sun ever since I landed. What was the use of telling me that the only city comparable to Seattle was Constantinople, if I couldn't see the seven hills on which she is built? What was the use of telling me that there were wonderful mountains rising to 14,000 feet on every side of me when I could only just see my hand in front of my face? The fact that the city is surrounded by lakes I have proved for myself by crossing their bridges. Sailing ships look even more mysterious through the fog. And at this moment, of course, the skies are blue and the sun is blazing down, and I can see Seattle's curves and her waterfront, but her mountain-tops still sulk like Achilles in their tents.

I was thirteen years old when the men of Portland came from Alaska carrying their ton of gold and started the Yukon gold-rush, and made Seattle the jumping-off place for the Klondike. The miracle about Seattle is its youth: it is so young that they still argue about the name of one of its finest mountains. It is so young that one of the original settlers, Mr. R. H. Denny, is still not only alive, but hale and hearty enough to broadcast last week his impressions of the first landing. As I wandered through a very modern store, which is as big as Selfridge's and quite as handsome, I found it almost impossible to believe that

only eighty-two years ago all this flourishing city of nearly 500,000 people was a dense forest of Douglas firs.

On the top floor of this fine store, which is already decorated for Christmas, I found groups of laughing infants playing in a special room full of toys whilst their parents shopped. Seattle is just full of good ideas like that. I don't quite know what I expected to find in this outpost city of the north-west frontier, but I certainly never looked to see there a community so artistic, so vigorous, so young, as Mrs. Cornish's School of Dramatic Art in which the pupils come from all over the world to listen to a Russian theatrical producer announcing his style of dramatic art—by being, not doing; and I watched the art students at work on a series of most convincing nudes.

In the Fuller Art Museum, a most inspiring gift made to the city by Dr. Fuller and his mother, the actual building of which is as modern as anything I ever saw, there is a glorious collection of the best and most inspiring of the modern in art of young Holland, young France and young Germany. I myself felt particularly drawn to a gigantic carving in cedarwood of an Indian maiden rejecting the advances of the dour north wind and accepting the caresses of the sunny south. But the best things in the museum include some fine modern jade and Cambodian sculpture, and the work of George Biddle, a young American who has combined a magnificent decorative sense with a rich mediæval humour that is highly seasoned.

I saw yesterday the cow which gives more milk than any other cow in the world. She actually gives her weight in milk every two weeks of her life. She is a Holstein-Friesian, and she lives in the Snoquali Valley which is very green and very wet—at least



At the foot of the Cascade Mountains

it was when I saw it. I don't want to say too much about this record-breaker, because when I called, all these cows were listening to the radio, and I don't care to think what would happen if her head started to swell like the rest of her body. The bulls on this farm, on the other hand, have no radio, so I have less compunction about letting myself go on the subject of 'Matador Masterpiece' who weighs nearly a ton and a quarter and is more like a battleship than a bull. It is quite a work of art and a really long and thrilling walk to go round behind this beast in his stall. The fact that he was anchored to stout chains was not so important to me as the fact that he was agreeable.

A little further up the Snoquali Valley I went over a large lumber mill at the foot of the deep-blue and purple Cascade Mountains. I saw vast log trees arrive from the hillside in chunks, and there they are dumped in water, and then separated into their species—Douglas firs, cedar and West Coast hemlock—before disappearing into their respective mills. I watched one enormous Douglas fir being drawn slowly up an inclined plane to the top floor of the mill, and then rolled down on to the moving table, where men with levers wrenched it towards the vertical band-saw, a mighty destroyer, which cut it to and fro into long thin slices, just like slicing bacon. The noise as it ran to and fro and in and out was like that of a tube train, and the speed at which it travelled was much about the same. Each slice was carried by rollers over smaller saws, which cut it this way and that, and in a few minutes the great tree was just a lot of plain planks of a standard size going off to be seasoned in the yard.

The noise of the mill is so deafening that the lumbermen have to use signs instead of speaking, but the sweet smell of sawn wood more than compensated me for the screech of the saws. I had the privilege of lunching with the men in their community hall, and there I learnt that the rate of pay starts at 33½ cents an hour and rises to 55 cents for the 'loggers', who wear, by the way, a very picturesque vivid red hat, and work 30 hours a week. Lumbering is, of course, one of the great industries of the north-west frontier. As far as I have been able to see anything, I have seen trees and more trees. Every hillside is just navy blue and black with them; every niche and cranny is filled with logs of freshly-sawn wood. But the most significant thing about Seattle is not her lumber, not her cows, not her fisheries, not her aeroplane industry, not her fine stores—but her Universities, which stand nobly by Lake Washington on a campus of nearly 600 acres, and have a roll-call of ten thousand undergraduates.

There is a magnificent virile atmosphere about the whole place, and I was not in the least surprised to find that this University of Washington holds the championship of the United States on the river: I should like to see this crew row at Henley. The tuition fees amount to about £22 a year, and about 50 per

cent. of the students pay their own way by working out of hours. One of the most brilliant girl undergraduates stoked furnaces in her freshman year, and a Doctor of Philosophy is washing dishes in a restaurant at night in order to enable him to complete his course. They not only produce a daily newspaper of their own, but on occasion take over the entire production of the *Vancouver, Seattle or Tacoma Journal* for a day, in order to test their efficiency.

Last night I dined with the 'Kappa-Kappa-Gamma' Society—a society of some fifty girl undergraduates—which gave me a good idea of the outlook of the modern American young girl. At intervals during dinner these girls burst spontaneously into songs of loyalty, and afterwards they all sat about on the floor in the drawing room in front of a huge log fire interchanging views. They were completely unselfconscious, and tremendously enthusiastic about everything. They spend their Christmas skiing over their lakes, shooting, fishing and flying—they are particularly air-minded. Physically they struck me as perfect; they dress with taste; they are good to look at, and amazingly easy to talk to. I wish our young people could acquire this ease of manner. I have still to meet a gauche American girl. After submitting to a fusillade of questions about the English way of living I was taken to a rehearsal of a light comedy, and again I was struck by their complete absence of artificiality—they act just as they behave, as naturally as children. They have achieved poise without sophistication, which is an admirable trait. My stay has entirely convinced me that co-educational universities are certainly the best for the women, whatever its effects may be on the men. Wherever I go the American woman is always amazingly active, intellectually, aesthetically and sociologically. One of the best movements I have yet encountered anywhere is that of the Junior League of Society—a society of young demi-gods who undergo a strict and rigorous course in the theory and practice of social service, and then devote the greater part of their leisure to the amelioration of the lot of less lucky people. It is far harder to get into this League—which is strictly limited—than it is to get into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. The sooner we have a Junior League in England the better for all of us.

Seattle has no reason to fear the future—she has all the qualities which make for greatness. She has youth, boundless zest, and an insatiable curiosity. She has proved her courage in the way she set to work to rebuild her shattered city after the great fire of 1889; she has proved her modernity by electing as Lieutenant-Governor of the city the leader of a dance orchestra; she has proved her energy by just tipping one of her seven hills into Elliott Bay—in Seattle they don't tunnel, they just remove the hill! She doesn't allow grey skies to damp her spirits. She has one of the most enviable of all city records: she is not only the youngest, she is the healthiest city in the United States.

Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow—IX

East Anglian Industries

By Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON

THE beginning of November is hardly the ideal time to go rural riding. The country is supposed to be a dull place in November—'there's nothing to see' and not much daylight to see it; there's commonly a good deal of mud, there's a risk of fog, and so on. Nevertheless I think that of all my wanderings I enjoyed none more than my tour, three weeks ago, to Norwich.

A very few miles from Oxford, as we make eastward, we strike the Chiltern Hills. Here again we are on a bit of chalk, but a bit with a character of its own and with a variety of scenery that you cannot match on the Downs or the Wolds or indeed in any other of the chalk countries that I know. The beech woods of the Chilterns are famous, and the sight of them in autumn is one of the finest things in England.

Do you feel, as you get older, that some things are not as good as they were? I am sure, for instance, that gooseberries are not what they were; and the sea in August isn't so warm as it used to be; and waiting for wood pigeons on a cold winter's afternoon isn't nearly such an exciting sport as it once was—because the pigeons nowadays are not nearly so sporting as the ones I used to know. But on the other hand there are a few things that are getting better and better, and among them the autumn colours of the woods. At least I can't remember when they glowed so bright, or lasted so long, as they did this year.

My first halt was made at Princes Risboro', to see the Forest Products Research Laboratory. It is well placed at Risboro', for this Chiltern country lives, largely, and has lived for long years, by its woodlands. The old inns, many of them, are called by such names as 'The Woodcutter's Arms' and 'The Beetle and Wedge', and there are still left a few of the old 'bodgers' who dwell in cottages deep in the woods and make a living by turning

beechwood chair-legs. Round High Wycombe too there is a thriving furniture industry, on a factory scale, that used to specialise in kitchen chairs, but now turns out a great variety of things, from the plainest to the most beautiful.

Mr. Robertson, the Director of the Laboratory, first showed me his board-room. This is panelled with specimens of a great variety of beautiful woods, some of them worth many pounds a foot. But the surrounds of the panelling have been done in that most despised of all timbers, English elm—and not even well-grown stuff, but cross-grained and knotty pieces. The point of this is just to show that even such a wood, prone as it is above all others to shrink and to warp, can be so disciplined by scientific seasoning that it can be made to lie straight and tight-jointed, as this in fact is doing. Passing on to the timber testing department we saw several solemn machines being used to break, one after another, in different ways, some hundreds of pieces of beautifully planed straight-grained oak—in order, of course, to arrive at a complete knowledge of its strength. Much more amusing was another machine designed to try out the wearing qualities of woods for flooring. You make up a piece of parquet flooring out of several different kinds of timber and over this, backwards and forwards, you set hopping a mechanical gent in a hob-nailed boot and follow him up and down with a rather heavy-footed mechanical lady who waltzes incessantly on sharkskin soles. And so you telescope the wear and tear of ten years into an afternoon. Then there was the tool research department which was busy with the problem of the proper setting of the blade of a plane—which is, believe me, a much more complicated business than you would suppose. Then there is a whole range of experimental kilns for the artificial seasoning of wood, and a preservation department, with, as an adjunct,

a place called 'the grave yard'. Here are set up, partly buried in the soil, row upon row of timber slabs planted at all sorts of dates and treated in various ways with all kinds of preservatives. I gathered that the old creosote was still the stuff for out-door preservation; but a great deal depends on getting it properly to penetrate the substance of the wood.

There are more staff working on the problems of dry rot and other kinds of decay; and still more busy salting the tails of the

members of her sex) had a curiously old-fashioned dislike for tobacco—so that a tobacco plant in a greenhouse formed a kind of sanctuary in her hunting ground. And now the Ichneumon house at Cheshunt is planted partly with tobacco and partly with tomatoes. The white fly breed on the tobacco, migrate to the tomato, and are there devoured by the babies of the Ichneumon families. In the busy season the midge-farm sends out a hundred consignments a week and has already supplied the trade with many millions—or perhaps it was billions—of Ichneumons. This is what is called biological control.

Mechanisation is invading this branch of our industry too. I saw, for instance, one of the new 'automatic firemen' which look after the stoking of the furnace fires. For ten minutes, at intervals of every two hours, the fireman wakes up and does a spot of work—pushes in a little fuel by means of a screw mechanism and blows in a little air by means of a fan. That is just to make sure that the fire doesn't go out. Then also there is an electric thermostat in the greenhouse so that whenever the temperature inside falls below what is wanted the stoker is set seriously to work, and keeps on stoking and blowing until the house is warm enough and the thermostat tells him to stop. The staff too are busy experimenting with different sorts of artificial light, in order to force their tomato plants to work double shifts; but I gathered that there was still a good deal to learn about this.

Of all the other activities at Cheshunt perhaps the most interesting have to do with what is now rather an old story—the story of the 'sickness' of greenhouse soils and its cure. In the old days the soil of a hot-house, after perhaps five years in the artificial climate, usually 'went sick' and refused to grow anything properly; and the more generously you manured the worse the trouble grew, so that you were obliged either to move your house on to fresh land or else to put in new soil. The

Rothamsted people discovered, five and twenty years ago, that the trouble was in some way connected with the bacteria and other lowly forms of living things in the soil, and that it could be cured by steam heating or baking the soil. These treatments are now regularly carried out, but of course are laborious and costly. Electric power is very convenient for the baking process, and I saw a newly-installed electric heater just ready to start work. But electricity, as happens with a good many jobs that it does very well, is just too dear to use on a big scale. Attention

Experimental impregnating plant at the Forest Products Research Laboratory, Princes Risborough

Reproduced with the permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office from photograph supplied by the Forest Products Research Laboratory

death-watch beetles (that have destroyed so many of our fine old timber roofs) and of the newer but equally destructive *Lictus* beetles.

Next morning I had a look at another highly specialised rural industry—the glass house business in the Lea Valley. It is already a big industry and is, thanks to protection, again growing rapidly—not only here but in many other places. For the most part—to the extent of nearly ninety per cent., I gathered—the houses are filled in summer with tomatoes; but many growers

follow on, in the autumn, with late-flowering chrysanthemums; and other winter catch crops, like French beans and lettuce, are coming in. Also there are a good many cucumbers, some vineries, and still other places that specialise in carnations and indoor roses. But tomatoes are the great thing. I wonder, by the way, what will be the next new crop of this kind that the great British public will demand? There's a fortune waiting for the man who can guess right and get in, as the Americans say, on the ground floor. But it is a hard guess. Supposing that somebody had been asked this question fifty years ago and had seriously replied that the answer was a tomato—well, it would only have been supposed that he was trying to be funny. These glass house people have, at a little place called Cheshunt, their own research station, supported in part by a voluntary levy on the members of their association. This place has numbers of fascinating things to show. Do you know, for instance, the story of the White Fly, which is such a pest in greenhouses, and of the breed of Ichneumon flies that is now kept to kill it, as a farmer keeps terriers and cats to kill his rats? Some years ago Dr. Spyer, the entomologist at Cheshunt, found a pair of these creatures in a private conservatory, took them home and let them loose on a herd of white fly—with most gratifying results. The only danger seemed to be that the experiment would be too successful—that the Ichneumon would wipe out the white fly altogether and would then starve to death—because it can't live on anything else such as dog biscuits or milk. But then it was discovered that the lady Ichneumon (unlike some other



Front courtyard of Sawston Village College

Architect and Building News

is being given to other possible ways of spinning out the healthy life of the soil, and the digging in of fresh straw seems to be a promising idea.

In the afternoon I stopped at the village of Sawston, near Cambridge, in order to see the famous new Village College. This has been put up as a model—to show what may be done, if and when the necessary money can be got, for education and social life in rural districts. In the first place it is a big day school, with 360 pupils between the ages of eleven and fourteen, serving seven villages. In the second place it provides evening classes,

for adolescents and adults, in a wide range of subjects, from cookery and carpentry to literature and drama. And then, lastly, with its comfortable well-stocked library, its pleasant homely meeting rooms and its large and fine hall, it provides for private study, indoor games, plays, concerts, dances and social gatherings of every kind. The equipment is all that could be desired—except, indeed, in the matter of playing fields. There are carpenters and engineering shops that must be a joy to work in, with just the right amount of electrically driven machinery like lathes and drills; an excellent science laboratory and a well-equipped cookery room, and a big school garden. And the class rooms, I thought, were pleasant, jolly places without any unnecessary frills or foolishness. Altogether it seemed almost too good to be true. Sawston has been at work only three years and it would be early days to talk about its influence, but one can confidently hope that it will not be small.

I went on by Newmarket in the late afternoon and came after dark to the little town of Brandon on the northern edge of Suffolk. Here you are in the 'breck' country—the biggest stretch of utterly poor land in Britain, if you exclude mountain and high lying moorland. The rock underneath is still chalk, but it is covered with a deep layer of coarse sterile sand that will swallow manure by the cart load as fast as you can put it in and give you next to nothing in return. It has always been a problem what to do with this land. Some of it must have been farmed and abandoned two or three times in the last two centuries, for it is not very difficult to break in and may be just worth cropping when times are really good. But in the long run most of it can never be worth farming. I was stationed at Brandon for some months during the second winter of the War. Then the bulk of the land was in rabbit warrens, and on some of the estates great numbers of pheasants were reared. Also at that time the Ministry of Agriculture was trying to establish a tobacco industry, and you may still see the big wooden barns put up for curing the leaf. But tobacco wouldn't go; and game preserving has greatly declined as really wealthy families have become scarcer; and I gathered that the rabbit industry was not flourishing. What is happening now is that the Forestry Commission is buying up the land in great stretches and planting it up with Scots Pine, which is about the only useful tree that will grow in such a soil. All afforestation schemes, of course, are a gamble because of the time that woods take to mature; shall we want wooden pit props in forty years time? or wooden telegraph poles in sixty? or wooden sleepers in the year 2010? or big oaken beams in A.D. 2050? Or shall we, by that time, be able to make even more wonderful things—than, say, daily papers and silk stockings—out of wood pulp, and thus want our trees more than ever? Who knows? But so long as it is a question of turning this desperate bad land to some real use it must surely be a fair gamble. This raises the whole issue of planning in an acute form.

Brandon, by the way, is the home of the world's oldest industry. Flint is very abundant in the land, in big useful pieces and at no great depths, and it has been mined and manufactured for countless centuries. There are, I was told, still five skilled flint knappers in the town, turning out flints for ancient flint-lock guns. At the moment the business is flourishing for, apart from a steady demand for Africa, there was a Chinese order for some hundred thousand flints. I had a chat with one of the knappers and bought from him a palæolithic axe and an arrow head—quite genuine, of course, for he had made them both himself.

By Thetford, and by Attleborough (where they make Norfolk cider) I went on to Norwich and out the other side of the city to Sprowston, where the county experimental farm lies. It is eighteen years since I last travelled that road; in the meanwhile Norfolk farming has changed in some ways a good deal, and in other ways scarcely at all. Comparatively little land has gone down to grass and the Norfolk farmer has stuck to his barley crop, through the lean years, as consistently as anybody. Of course, in good years Norfolk grows the world's best barley. This year the farmer who had managed to produce a first-rate sample, and who sold early, did very well. Fifty-five shillings a quarter was a fairly common price, and the very best made sixty. But a good deal of the crop had suffered from drought, and the thin steely grain was worth only a very ordinary price.

About the changes, there are more dairy cows than used to be seen; but the striking thing is the extent to which the old root crops, that Norfolk first learnt to grow, have been displaced by sugar-beet. The beet crop has meant a tremendous lot to Norfolk; it has saved many farmers from ruin; every year it provides, for three months in the autumn, a complete cure for rural unemployment; and it has helped to keep the land in a good state of cultivation because, these last few years, it has been the only crop that paid for good farming.

If only the feeding bullock would stop losing money, Norfolk farming would be well on the way to complete recovery. Mr. Rayns and his staff at Sprowston have been working very hard to discover and to demonstrate more economical ways of feeding. They have shown how to make good beef with far smaller allowances of costly oil-cakes. They have shown how sugar-beet tops and beet pulp can be substituted for roots so as to effect another saving. But it is a discouraging business when the sole result of your labours is to effect a reduction in the losses. And

as things have been, there has been no chance of a profit. To put the matter quite simply, the farmer has been selling prime English beef at about sixpence a pound, and he can't make a living at less than eightpence. And the depression in the beef market is causing all kinds of secondary difficulties. It is still driving people over into milk production, though surplus milk is already a cause of great anxiety; and the flood of bacon contracts, I believe, is partly due to the same cause. It was the middle of the store-cattle buying season, and Norwich market had three thousand beasts on sale. Farmers were buying—reluctantly and slowly, but still buying. For here were the straw and the roots and the beet by-products, and there was the land needing manure. The cattle were worth little enough to the sellers and yet, without some rise in beef prices, they must lose money to the feeder this year again. Beef is now much the blackest spot in the farmers' landscape; the pity is that it means so much to so many.

The poultry industry here, as elsewhere, is increasing by leaps and bounds. The question is how long the consumer will be able to eat all the eggs. Norfolk is, of course, famous too for its turkeys, and this Christmas the real article is going to bear its trade mark. The demand for the Christmas turkey is increasing, but there is a growing preference for quite small birds. Mr. Rayns was regretting to me that the old Norfolk Black breed had been allowed to become almost extinct, for the now common American Bronze variety runs too big altogether for the modern gas oven and the modern family gathering.

Norfolk has an unfortunate record in the matter of wages disputes. It was the main scene, in 1874, of the one and only big agricultural strike, which ended in the defeat of the labourers and dealt a nearly fatal blow to their Union. And now, again, there has been trouble on the Wages Board. The farmers' representatives simply took the view that the rate of wages proposed—too low as they admitted it to be—was more than the industry in its then state could possibly bear. They therefore withdrew from the Board altogether, and were replaced by farmers from outside the county. Fortunately, there are signs that the trouble will be settled in the best of all possible ways, by the farmers being put in a position to afford the wages fixed.

From Norwich I went on to Kings Lynn and took a turn round this corner of the fens, under the guidance of my old pupil, Mr. Bates, who is the Agricultural Organiser. I like the fens, though I shouldn't like all England to be like them. I love to look at rich land and great crops. I admire the hard-working farmers with their strictly business ways of farming, for here is no nonsense about foxes and pheasants and such things. I am always filled with pride when I look at the great rivers hemmed in with man-made banks, and at the tide of the sea held back by the great sluices—so that London may have her celery and potatoes and green peas. Here is silt land worth a hundred pounds an acre, farmed all out all the time; and there is the black fen, only less valuable, and just as well handled.

Life in the fens is, in some ways, a little grim. The farm roads, that lead to some of the places on the black fen, get, in winter, into a state that must be seen to be believed. The children have to be carried by their fathers to the nearest high-road so that they may get to school. Native road-making materials are non-existent, and the soft mould would swallow many tons of stone for every yard of road. So, meanwhile, farm roads must be done without. I am told that the problem in parts of the American prairie has been solved by throwing up the soil into a rather high cambered track and then binding and waterproofing the surface with crude oil. But I cannot hear that this has been tried in England.

The next bit of country that I saw (for I had to go some way by dark), was that stretch from Cambridge east to St. Neots. This, I am bound to say, is to me one of the most depressing parts of rural England. Here is clay land at its worst—stubborn, cold, treacherous stuff that rewards the farmer with a decent crop one year out of five. Before the wheat quota came you could have bought plenty of it at five pounds an acre. The Cambridge University Farm lies just on the edge of this, and my friend, Mr. Mansfield, who runs it has, with courage that I envy and admire, been adding one stretch after another of this nearly derelict land to his domain. His plan of management moreover would, I believe, have been a first-class success but for this slump in beef that we have been talking about. Briefly he cleans the land with steam tackle, and mole-drains where necessary. He then sows wheat or other corn and lays the land away, with a goodly dose of manure, to wild-white-clover pasture for a few years. Using plenty of basic slag there has been no difficulty about making a pasture, which is stocked largely with cows suckling calves, and with north-country sheep. Then the idea is to plough out and grow corn again.

Near St. Neots the country suddenly changes, for here you step off the clay on to the kind warm sandy loam of the Bedfordshire market-garden district. Here, again, is a cheering picture of intense activity—potatoes, Brussels sprouts, French beans, vegetable marrows, red beet, sugar beet, spinach, and then more potatoes and more Brussels sprouts. Big farms and little patches, with everybody, I should say, making a fair honest living by skill and hard work. There were other pictures before I got back home—but I should like to leave you here with that one.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Poster Art

Cannot Mr. George Hill read? Or is there no single member of the formidable array of earnest censors he represents capable of understanding Mr. Read's article? Does he suggest that the posters that offend him contravene the Indecent Advertisements Act? Mr. Read is right in saying that 90 per cent. of posters are blatantly vulgar. Had his main subject been posters alone and not vulgarity, he could have substantiated his very mild criticisms, and no doubt added more. Mr. Hill, in his efforts to further the interests of poster users, no doubt leaps to welcome new and bigger sites. That he is ruining the harmonies of our countryside, raising sores on the face of our city architecture, and debauching the tastes of tens of thousands of young children, matters not a jot. I marvel, not at the ingenuity of advertising agents in discovering 'artists so excessively crude that they must be quite rare', but at the incredibly stupid insistence of the advertiser himself (who must be the one to have the final say in the matter) on the use of such sorry work. I understand that there are only two things which this board of censors finds completely indigestible—the portrayal of absolute nudity and the pointing of a revolver directly at the public. One might say that the poverty of feeling displayed by posters cheerfully passed by the board amounts in itself to nakedness; and as for pointing revolvers—the use of posters as a sales argument is nothing less than that of the blunderbuss.

London, S.W.7

ALFRED DANGLE

Science and War

I listened with interest to Mr. Huxley's talk on 'Science and War', on November 24; first as a scientist, secondly as one who spent the first two-and-a-half years of his 'earning' life doing scientific research for war; and thirdly, as a man in the street. Allow me to take the points that come to my mind one by one.

Should the scientist direct his attention to making war safer for those taking part in it, or more terrible? Should he concern himself with perfecting defence against all known and anticipated weapons, or with devising new and more death-dealing weapons? If I devise a new weapon I am making war more terrible and 'dangerous' and surely the presence of this weapon will make to some extent for peace. (Supposing that in 1915 no defence against gas was found, the war, I cannot help thinking, would have soon ended.) Hence it is logical to conclude that a scientist who produces a new destructive weapon with no defence against it is doing humanity a service. As a scientist working in a 'preparation for war' capacity, I often felt (a) the drawback of secrecy—the heresy to scientific research; (b) that one 'conscience-squarer' was the peace-time application of some of the work; but I often wonder now whether it was more than a conscience-squarer; (c) the difficulty of knowing what the next war would be like. How my work would be helped by another war! This latter point is often not realised by the layman. I quote from a letter to *The Times*:

The main idea behind the suggested prohibition of gas is that it can be used from the air against civilians. Civilian immunity in war is no longer possible... It is this very lack of immunity which can do much to heighten democracy's sense of responsibility, and attempts to shift the horrors of war exclusively on to the shoulders of the troops is cowardly and unjust and a definite setback to the true cause of peace.

Chemical warfare differs from most of the other types of warfare in that there is a defensive and protective appliance which does not depend for its effectiveness on offence. In the unlikely event of chemical warfare becoming the only warfare one supposes that nations—who are only armed for defence—would concern themselves with perfecting the gas mask and not the use of poison gas.

Leicester

SCIENTIST

The Tithe Question

Mr. Middleton should know that the landowner who let his land did not benefit by the abnormal war prices, but suffered in the same way as the parson in increased cost of living, and besides this in enormous increase in cost of maintenance of farm buildings, and in depreciation in the condition of his land, arising from the effects of the war. Can Mr. Middleton really think that it is to the advantage of both the tithe-receiver, the tithe-payer, and agriculture, that the parson should be given by law more than two-thirds of the full value of farm houses, buildings and land, and that the landowner and agriculture is benefited thereby? Will the electorate agree that the Established Church is worth the cost? Is Christianity advanced or discredited by these facts?

Dereham

H. A. SMITH

By the recent debate on the tithe-question the B.B.C. fulfilled with no little success its double function of both instructing and entertaining us. Firstly, it appears that the equity of this enforced contribution to the maintenance of the clergy has been repeatedly questioned for some centuries: secondly, that a succession of modifying laws have all been designed to make payment more convenient to both parties, and have taken the justice of the device for granted; and thirdly, that the whole trouble really centres in just that question of principle. So that it does seem that any effective remedy for this ancient grievance must proceed from a thorough investigation of the fairness of the system. And here comes the 'surprise item' of the debate, to wit, the reason given by the official spokesman for the tithe-owners for strongly objecting to any committee of enquiry, even in the form of a preliminary conference. 'Why', he said, 'should we be called out to help in our own despoiling, or any attempt to secure that despoiling?' If that answer means anything it means that the tithe-owners resist enquiry because it might result in loss of income—a motive which is the main obstacle to most reforms involving vested interest, but seldom specified with such candour, even in the business world.

London, W.14

W. P. R.

The English Parson

The letters in your columns dealing with the popular English ideal of a parson hardly face the fact that a parson of any type is not, for the average Englishman, an ideal type of manhood at all. His choice of patron saint is St. George, the heroic young victor over the dragon—a symbol of all manner of difficulties and wrongs. This choice is echoed by the old astrological tradition that makes England, as Shakespeare notes, the seat of Mars, a country ruled by that aspect of deity always personified as a perfect specimen of athletic young manhood, an ideal leader in a fight, and ready for any kind of active physical enterprise. His gifts are hope, courage and high vitality; and he was worshipped not so much in temples as in the *ludi martiales*, open-air celebrations with contests in games, athletics and races of various kinds—in all of which England, owing to climatic conditions, takes a very special delight. The clergy of England are of many kinds, some splendidly capable, an honour to the Church, and others whose capacity and call are less obvious. Most of them will find it necessary to show a sympathetic interest in some form of athletics if they are to keep in touch with their people; but at least those of them who are classical scholars should be able to realise that Mars is, in a sense, a minor deity. Still, the balance must be kept; and the kind of clergyman who is emphasising other divine aspects is needed today.

Edinburgh

STUDENT

The Group Movement

Mr. John Lewis' implication that the Groups hope to change the face of society by the simple palliative of 'a little kindness' surely is intended to give a wrong impression. By being 'a little kind', i.e., by practising Christ's doctrine of lovingkindness and infinite compassion and by trying to weld all humanity together into a single blessed brotherhood, is surely the one and the only way to solve the tremendous problems which confront the world today. They include among their four cardinal standards absolute love, the love that strives sympathetically to understand and help the special and peculiar problems of another individual or nation or society. Had the delegates at the Geneva Conference of the League of Nations had the power and backing and the conviction of this tremendous belief, the problem of Germany would have solved itself.

The Groups, however, strike to the heart of the individual and not the nation. They are doing invaluable spadework among the youth of the present generation which must show itself in later years. They are as a leaven working quietly and confidently in the youth of the nation, and, despite the fact that they are occasionally over-dogmatic and that their unusual nature has led them into adopting a somewhat ridiculous and American jargon, every right-minded man and every honest Christian must admit their fervour and sincerity and raise his hat to their effort. Mr. Lewis is over-absorbed in the economic questions of life, and the reply of a typical grouper to him would be, I imagine: get yourself and the individual right and the nation (and in time the world) will look after itself. If adverse critics would only appreciate the immensity of the difficulties confronting a sincere Christian in the present world they would, I feel, be more appreciative and sympathetic with the slight, but nevertheless important, contribution the Group Movement has so far been able to effect.

Liverpool

J. B. MAYS

Christianity and other Religions

I suggest that we accept the words of Peter the Apostle—that all who work righteousness are acceptable to the Deity. If the Divine Spirit is the Father of us all, then we are members of one family—the universal Church—whether we call ourselves Jews, Christians, Buddhists, Muslims, or any other name.

Luton

MELSON GODFREY

Birth Control and the Slums

The splendid work described in the broadcast discussion as being done by the Public Health Department has amazed many of us, and is indeed beyond praise. But the description which Dr. Frazer gives us of the sub-let house in the slums, occupied by several families, makes painful reading, and we ask what chance of growth and development young lives can have in such conditions. We naturally say 'Hurry up the clearance of such slums', but it will be a case of Mrs. Partington and her mop if their population continues to increase faster than proper accommodation can be found for it. And increase it must, if, as Dr. Frazer tells us, in spite of 'the great strain to herself, both mental and physical', involved for a poor woman who has children at frequent intervals in such surroundings, there is no clinic in a city such as Liverpool where advice can be given to married women on medical grounds, even in cases where further pregnancy would be detrimental to health. Do we wonder, after reading this, that in one Maternity Hospital in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 'roughly 25 per cent. of those admitted were sent in on account of abortion?' 'A wide-spread evil', Dr. Frazer admits this to be, and yet, although the senior obstetrician at one of our great London hospitals has told us that 'half his out-patients would disappear under sane birth-control', we allow ignorance and fear to do their fell work with these poor mothers, rather than grant them the knowledge which would enable them to limit their families to a number which they could hope safely to bear and decently to bring up.

Hereford

M. A. BINSTAD

The First English Printer

The statement quoted recently in your editorial columns, that the Oxford University Press was founded in 1468, prompts me to raise a question to which I have as yet secured no satisfactory answer. To Caxton is usually ascribed the honour of the first book printed in England, at Westminster, in 1477. The famous small quarto, *Expositio sancti Ieronimi in symbolum apostolorum*, of Tyrannius Rufinus, bearing as its colophon the words '*Impressa Oxonie. et ibi finita anno domini M.CCCC.LXVIIJ. XIJ die decembris*', antedates Caxton by nine years. It is usually stated that an X has been omitted from this date, since the next book known to be published at Oxford is dated 1479. 'A break of eleven years', says one author, 'between the production of the first and subsequent books is both inconceivable and inexplicable'. No less inexplicable is the break of ten years between the foundation of the Press and the publication of the *Expositio*. Is there any proof, substantial or logical, that the Oxford book was wrongly dated or can the Oxford printers take their correct place in history, that we read no more 'Caxton, the first English printer'?

Manchester

LESLIE T. ADAMS

Vanishing England

It is a great pity that the upholding of such an important cause as the protection of the natural beauty of our countryside should be put into the hands of such a superficial observer and extravagant writer as apparently is Mr. Howard Marshall. There are many like myself who, whilst possessing as great an affection as anybody for the incomparable beauties of our countryside, live yet in a world of fact and reality, and take some pride in the true progress of our time. We agree that, in the name of progress, much ugliness has been created which could have been avoided; and we believe that it is necessary to call attention to these evils so as to avoid repetition of them. The method of doing so, however, should be a reasonable one which will appeal to the practical man of affairs, the landowner, the builder, and the man in the street, and not merely to the romanticist.

To explain my meaning, in the talk on the South Coast, Mr. Marshall exaggerated from beginning to end the ugliness of the district. He should travel more on foot and less by car, if he wants to know his subject. His references to the Lake District were spoilt by his attitude with regard to Thirlmere. Water is a necessity to the great towns, and if the authorities take care to naturalise their work as well as they have done in this case and in that of Lake Vyrnwy, North Wales, why decry their efforts by such trifling criticisms as Mr. Marshall affects? Again, in the Peak District much breath is wasted in damning the new bungalows. Some may be, and are, ugly and misplaced, but why is he always condemning red roofs, for instance? Is there a more depressing sight in England than the row upon row of cold slate roofs of most towns? Is there any reason why this saddening colour should be entirely adopted in the country?

In THE LISTENER, comparison is made between an old cottage

and some new bungalows; surely it is no true comparison, because the natural settings are quite different. If the old cottage were to be put in the place of the new bungalow, I suggest it would look hideous. In any case, I doubt if even Mr. Marshall would prefer the cottage to live in. I humbly submit that such talks will not achieve their object unless more moderation and sympathy with practical needs are shown.

Southwick

R. W. TOMKIN

Photographs taken when Thirlmere happens to be full, with one's back to the dam, would appear to vindicate the Manchester Corporation. But when, as often, it is partly empty, an ugly rim of shale appears. Much more serious is the fact that this lake has been simply crossed off the map for the ordinary mortal. Surrounded with continuous walls and wire fencing, it is *verboten*, it may no longer be enjoyed like the others. Dark fir trees in prim array—not the native beech and oak—have perhaps not improved the scene. Haweswater yet remains, though soon a stupendous 170-foot dam of stone is to obliterate this shy and lovely lake. It is grievous to think of the utter destruction which Mardale must undergo.

Necessity? That is, of course, the challenge. First I would premise that the Lake District deserves privileged treatment, because it is of unique beauty in Britain—I had nearly said in the world—and because it is really quite small. Few realise that an active man may easily cross it in any direction on foot within a day. As for the necessity of a water supply, look at the facts, without forming an opinion on my words. Birkenhead dammed up the Alwen, Liverpool the Vyrnwy, Birmingham, I think, the Elan, Derby and Nottingham the Derwent headwaters, in pleasant enough valleys, but nothing approaching Mardale. Then why not Manchester likewise? Probably the tactless truth is that this city realised a lake is a reservoir half-made. Cheapness, not necessity, is the real issue. As a Lancashire man myself I know very well that attitude of mind which regards rivers as so many free sewers provided by the Almighty to lower production costs. Possibly nothing else was to be expected; but there have been recently signs of an educated conscience regarding the Lake District, coupled with a realisation of whatever the next generation must think of this totally inexcusable act.

Derby

PYX

In Defence of High Wycombe

We read with interest Mr. Howard Marshall's description of High Wycombe, but suggest that he has not done our native town full justice. High Wycombe is certainly not as pretty as it was, but then, other manufacturing towns have lost beauty through development. Gardens had to give way to factories; but its present condition does not justify the use of the adjective 'appalling'.

Because of the increased population, it has been necessary to change the residential houses in High Street into shops. As this has been going on during the last fifty years, the architecture is completely different; but the shops of High Wycombe are generally quite bright and attractive. The Frogmoor Gardens may have been abolished, but the square now serves as an excellent 'bus terminus for the district. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that there are still public gardens left. For instance, there are the Rye along the London Road, and the woods on the hills behind it. These form a pretty sight at all times of the year; also, swans glide peacefully along its river, the Wye. The Abbey School, which is the 'Eton for Girls', also helps to form a pretty background for the town. Thus, we would claim that not a little of the town's quaintness and charm still remain.

Royal Grammar School,
High Wycombe

FORM III, UPPER A

Farming in East Cornwall

In his talk in THE LISTENER of November 22, Professor Scott Watson does scant justice to East Cornwall, separated from West Devon by the Tamar. Granted, it is not a corn-growing district, in the main; but I am surprised that the woodlands and pastures did not more favourably attract his notice. He drove through ten miles of lovely country from the Tamar to the edge of Bodmin Moor; and from Bude in the north to Callington and Saltash in the south is a pasture-land stretch of general and level prosperity, feeding cattle of a quality that I have not known excelled elsewhere. Prosperity, I say; for you do not hear much complaint in that district. There are good management, frugal living, diligent labour, satisfied homes, on every hand. There are not the long bills of farm sales that I have seen in some eastern parts of the country. The East Cornish fields show good and well-arranged meadows, well watered, well stocked, while enough corn and root crops (besides sugar beet) are produced for feeding necessities. Professor Scott Watson, I see, hurried on to the broccoli-fields of the West, which I know well; doubtless they do prosper, but the steady course of the farmers throughout the east part of the county shows an attractive life in both the larger and the smaller farms.

Watton

B. B. HARDY

Snakes and their Young

In reference to Miss Galloway's letter in a recent number of THE LISTENER, I have written to the correspondent whose letter I quoted in my article on snakes. He now writes that he thinks he may well have been mistaken, and that the adders he killed and dissected may well have been pregnant adders and not mothers who had swallowed their young. With this admission one of the chief supports of my contention that adders do on some occasions swallow their young breaks down, and there only remain the testimony of my own senses and a number of letters from various correspondents in different parts that they also have witnessed this remarkable act of the mother adder taking the young into her stomach for protection. This evidence is not accepted by the sceptics as proof, and so for the present the question remains at issue. Personally, I am strongly persuaded that they do so, and believe that if sufficient attention is

drawn to this remarkable fact, the proof will not be long in forthcoming.

Petersfield

E. L. GRANT WATSON

Modern Poetry

The B.B.C. holds a position unique in the world's history. In music, science, economics, general knowledge you are building wisely and broadly, yet in art and poetry you unduly encourage novelties and views which are the expression of a literary and artistic clique, rather than any expression of great power and permanence. Modern poetry appeals to few, is derided by many and neglected by most, yet poetry is the flower of the intellect containing the seed of future beliefs, knowledge and hopes of the human race. High concepts fixed by the magic of rhythm and rhyme can thus be spread and held as in no other way.

Swansea

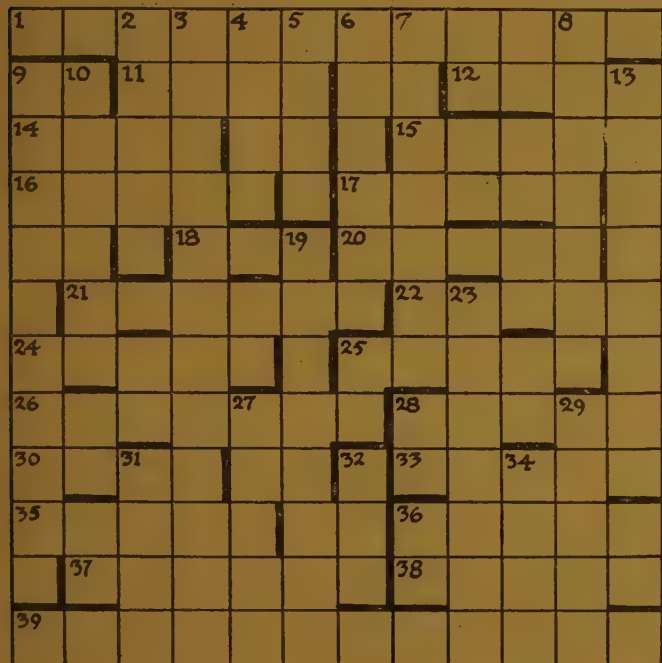
ERNEST E. ALLEN

This Week's Crossword

No. 195—'General'

By DOGGEREL

Prize: B.B.C. Year Book, 1934. (B.B.C., 2s.) Closing date: First post on Tuesday, December 12.



NAME

ADDRESS

ALTERNATIVE PRIZE

CLUES—ACROSS

1. House may make room for club we're told.
11. Room made in spacious houses old.
12. Feed with it and humiliate.
14. My Celtic love has tomb of state.
15. First part of *i* this won't keep warm.
16. Exists in word a word will form.
17. Part 's used in different kind of set.
- 18, 32. A word from different speeches get.
20. Afrit from anagram appears.
21. This loft to Janus semblance bears.
22. Puzzles when anagram 's allowed.
24. Who 's meant? 'His voice was harsh and loud'.
25. A sailor 's hidden in the clue.
26. To affluence he quickly grew.
28. Read either way a word to see.
30. Defeated kind of company.
33. Again with word each way contend.
35. This bar is cut off at each end.
36. Before 'my lord'—clue 's needless though.
37. Put end to (Shakespeare uses so).
38. Of a revolt the rendez-vous.
39. The title 's based upon long use.

DOWN

2. 'Tis mostly wet and fills with fear.
3. They fill a gap and so are here.
4. Sometimes allowed on what is bought.
5. 'Tis here some travellers hold a court.
6. The priest is living in a groove.
7. A craze in trivial thought above.
8. A dull narcotic numbing pain.
9. Gave lively pleasure to Jourdain.
10. Like rat it carries a disease.
13. Plaything (one playwright 'would not please).
19. Wrangler a renegade inside.
23. The bird 's not fully occupied.
27. Attached to boat how big I am.
- 29 (anag.). Thank him for 'In Memoriam'.
- 31 (anag.). Strewn so an end of *i* may be.
- 34 (anag.). Plateau confession cowardly.

Report on Crossword No. 193

A good entry, but instead of the Shelley quotation in 1 across a large number of solvers guessed the word DISAPPEARING.

Yet the hint in 20 down that DAY appears in the diagram should have saved them from this slip. It was chiefly owing to this that the number of successful solutions is so small. One of our clever readers found the puzzle so easy that he 'did it in his sleep'. Alas, for 18 across he did not dream of LAMBS! Many other competitors failed over this quotation from W. Blake.

The following is the list of successful solvers:

E. Buck and L. Dale (Oxford); P. E. Herrick (London); J. R. Hunecke (Hull); E. C. Hunt (Norwich); C. M. Jenkin-Jones (Bootham); W. A. Jesper (Haxby); L. M. Littlewood (Bradford-on-Avon); W. Roberts (Bristol); N. C. Sainsbury (Cambridge); Mrs. Stapleton (Warrash); W. A. Starbuck (Eltham); W. H. Weightman (Harpenden); E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley).

NOTES—ACROSS

1. Shelley: Triumph of Life.
8. Gordon: Hippodromania.
13. Shelley: Alastor.
15. Robert Greene: A Maiden's Dream.
16. Shakespeare: Sonnet 28.
18. W. Blake: The Land of Dreams.
23. Othello I, 3.
25. Tennyson: Dream of Fair Women.
27. Richard Middleton: A London Night.
30. Julius Caesar II, 2.
32. Ancient Mariner.
35. Hood: Bachelor's Dream.
36. Campbell: The Soldier's Dream.

DO 7N

1. Byron: The Dream.
2. Henley: Hawthorn and Lavender.
3. Il Penseroso.
4. Swinburne: The Two Dreams.
6. Moore: Lalla Rookh.
7. Young: Night Thoughts.
9. Charles Mackay: Dream of Reveller.
12. Beddoes: If there were dreams, etc.
14. Surrey: Complaint.
26. Genuine. Wordsworth: The Longest Day.
28. A. P. Graves: Book of Irish Poetry.
- Hill O' Dreams (Helen Lanyon).
- 33 (rev.) Hood: Dream of Eugene Aram.

The Making of Modern Ireland

(Continued from page 851)

increasing at the rate of from ten to twenty thousand a year largely owing to the virtual stoppage of emigration to America. To meet this important development Mr. De Valera proposes to break up the big farms and ranches and divide half a million of acres between small peasant proprietors within the next five years. Every thirty acres of land are to support a new family. A comprehensive and very necessary urban housing scheme is also to be carried out without delay. His Government are developing the sugar beet industry, and the Shannon hydro-electric plant started by their predecessors. They have also formed an industrial credit corporation to finance new industries. In seeking to develop industries by a policy of protection, the Government are again following the policy of their predecessors, but carrying it to extremes.

But there is another side to the picture. This year's Budget shows a deficit of £5,000,000, even after crediting the retained land annuities. The latest trade returns prove that during the last three years the volume of our external trade has fallen by nearly fifty per cent., a result, perhaps, in some degree due to general world conditions and the restriction of agricultural imports into Great Britain. Even Mr. De Valera's paper complains that, although we have increased our purchases from foreign countries, they do not reciprocate. Talleyrand once wisely said that two neighbouring nations, one of which founds its prosperity principally upon commerce, and the other upon agriculture, are called upon by the eternal nature of things to have good understanding and mutually to enrich one another. Although at present our Government do not take this view, it is well to remember that we are still relatively your best Dominion customer. Mr. De Valera's Government claim that their tariff policy has transferred from foreign to Irish factories trade to the value of £5,000,000,000 a year; but their opponents suggest that these results could probably have been obtained without quarrelling with Great Britain, and that if our principal industry, agriculture, is not prosperous, there will be no great demand for our manufacturers' products.

After Mr. De Valera's return to power, in 1932, various attempts were made to deny Mr. Cosgrave and his supporters the right of free speech. This led to a counter-movement by the Army Comrades' Association, originally a benevolent body like the British Legion, composed of ex-members of the National Army. This body extended the scope of its operations, and claimed to protect the right of the people to free speech, a free franchise, and a free Press, and to resist the spread of Communistic principles. It took a prominent part in the last election. After the election, Mr. De Valera's Government removed from office General Eoin O'Duffy, the Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guard, and the head of that efficient police force since its formation, on the grounds that he was the Chief of Police under the Cosgrave administration, and had not the present Government's confidence. General O'Duffy is a man of great energy, and has the reputation of being a good organiser, but he has little political experience. He has, however, that dramatic quality Mr. Cosgrave lacks. In July last he was chosen as leader of the Army Comrades' Association, which then changed its name to the National Guard, and adopted a blue shirt uniform. This step so alarmed the Government—which alleged that this organisation meditated an attempt to seize power—that early in August it revived the Public Safety Act (a drastic measure passed by the Cosgrave Government), and proclaimed the National Guard an illegal organisation. General O'Duffy wisely cancelled the demonstration which this body had intended to hold in Dublin during August, and the Government, on their part, took no steps to suppress the National Guard or arrest its leaders. The most important results of these manoeuvres were Mr. De Valera's clear acceptance of the principle of majority rule, and the fusion of the principal opposition parties in a new party, called the United Ireland Party. This party has for its immediate object the ending of the dispute with England on just and honourable terms, and aims eventually at ending the partition of Ireland by a United Ireland within the Commonwealth. General O'Duffy is the leader of this new party, but, as he has no seat in the Dail, its parliamentary leader is Mr. Cosgrave, who is supported by Mr. Frank MacDermot, the former leader of the Centre Party, which represented the large farmers. Mr. MacDermot, who is a new arrival in the Irish political arena, only entered the Dail in 1932, and he has brought a new spirit into Irish politics by his refusal to countenance the bitter hatred which is the fruit of the civil war, and by pointing out that a United Ireland can only be realised within the British Commonwealth. The blue shirts continue as the youthful wing of the new party, and are growing in strength. Mr. De Valera is menaced on his other flank by the Irish Republican Army, a partially armed association of determined young men, intensely devoted to their aim: the immediate establishment—if necessary by force of arms—of an all-Ireland Republic. They claim to carry on the Repub-

lican tradition, which is of foreign origin and was brought from France to the United Irishmen by Wolfe Tone at the end of the eighteenth century.

Until 1914, Republicanism in Ireland can hardly be said to have had a social policy, but, since then, this party has adopted an extreme social programme, sometimes bordering on Communism. Their declared aim is 'the public ownership of the means of production and distribution'. This has antagonised many good republicans who have no sympathy with this social policy. But they are a force to be reckoned with, and, although their influence is largely negative, it is none the less real. They play upon the old racial prejudices against England, which they delight to revive, and although they were tolerated until quite recently by the present Government, they are a constant and increasing source of embarrassment. They refuse to enter the Dail, in spite of the abolition of the oath of allegiance. They consider that Mr. De Valera is not fighting the so-called economic war with England with sufficient vigour, and, in spite of his protestations, they have launched a boycott campaign against British goods. They strongly resent his proposal to recruit a new volunteer army, which they believe is designed to attract the young men from the I.R.A. The increasing friction between this body and General O'Duffy's blue shirts has led to scenes of violence and turmoil in various parts of the country. Many farmers allege that they find it difficult to pay rates, owing to the English tariffs; and the local rates are in arrear everywhere. This increasing pressure from the right and the left has forced Mr. De Valera to placate the Labour Party in the Dail by legislation on the lines of Labour policy, which includes a wide scheme of unemployment benefit, a pension scheme for widows and orphans, revision of workmen's compensation payments, and the speeding up of housing schemes.

This introduction into the Commonwealth, in the guise of 'Dominion status', of a self-sufficient European nation—a Dominion neither in form nor substance—has quickly transformed the entire framework of Dominion association. The other Dominions were, in their origin, colonies of British and Irish emigrants. Ireland is an ancient nation, possessing a civilisation and culture of its own. It was never a colony in the proper sense of that word. It is as much a mother nation of the Commonwealth as Great Britain herself. There is no Dominion which the Irish race has not helped to develop. Moreover, Ireland is a distinct geographical and national unit. The Treaty of 1921 has therefore failed, at all events for the time being, to the serious loss of both England and Ireland. This failure is due to the fact that it did not recognise the peculiar and distinctive position of Ireland, and also because unavoidable political necessity forced the negotiators to divide Ireland into two unnatural and unequal parts. If French Canada had not joined the Canadian Federation, or if the English colonies and Dutch states in South Africa had not united, ask yourselves what would have happened in those Dominions, and you will then realise why a divided and discontented Ireland weakens the entire Commonwealth. Northern Ireland is, indeed, our Alsace-Lorraine; but all parties in the Free State now agree that it must be won back by persuasion, and not by force. The Irish Free State has, however, in a short time, achieved much, and in spite of our present anxieties, I believe there is no real cause for despair. We have produced political leaders of courage, energy, and competence, who have not hesitated to face and tackle the serious problems of our national life. Moral stability is assured by the fact that at least ninety per cent. of our people believe in the fundamental truths and principles of Christianity, and live according to their belief. In no other European country is religion so powerful, but there has been no religious persecution or intolerance. Our peasantry are virile, frugal, and hard-working, our townspeople intelligent, good-natured, and industrious. We do not yet fully realise that force is no argument in political controversy, and that political criticism must be tempered by charity. We have yet to create a national spirit, based on cordial and constructive co-operation between all sections of the community. But we are not unique by any means in these respects.

What of the future? We have, apparently, at present the choice of two roads, neither of which is smooth. One would lead us outside the British Commonwealth into a twenty-six county Republic, resulting in national self-sufficiency, more frugal standards of living; and, at least for the immediate future, the continued division of Ireland. The other involves the voluntary acceptance by Ireland as a whole, and the recognition by England, of Ireland's position as an undivided nation and a mother country within the British Commonwealth. It leads also to the ultimate unity of the Free State and Northern Ireland, however remote that may now appear. Until this choice is made decisively and freely, Irish political life cannot follow a normal course. You ask me which road will we take? That is a question which can only be answered by the Irish people, and upon the answer depends the immediate future of Ireland.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Jonathan Swift. By W. D. Taylor. Davies. 10s. 6d.

THE CASUAL READER has made up his mind about Swift. He was conceited and acrimonious, he derided every human ideal and aspiration, and he behaved badly to the three women who loved him. On the credit side there are *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Journal to Stella*—and perhaps that lock of Stella's hair, found among Swift's belongings after his death with its poignant motto 'Only a woman's hair'. But on balance Swift was a vindictive and ungenerous character. Such is the approximate judgment of the passer-by in literature. Mr. Taylor's admirable essay will compel a reconsideration of that view, for its chief success is its revelation of the complexities of Swift's character. Mr. Taylor does not extenuate his malevolence, his pettiness, his 'vicious fancy', but he relates them to a temperament which makes such manifestations inevitable. Swift had a core of red-hot moral passion, and he had a very thin skin; and this was a poor equipment for the asperities of public life and controversy. In his latter years he was a virulent misanthrope whose mind was clouding over with insanity; but, as Mr. Taylor insists, the dynamic of his earlier work was something very different. Natural vindictiveness and thwarted ambition account for some of it; but the motive of most of it was a genuine and devouring hate of human presumption and affectation. It was this passionate indignation which, in *The Battle of the Books*, *The Tale of a Tub*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, ridiculed the pretentious claims of the theologian, the critic, the philosopher and the politician. It was an equally fervent and disinterested zeal which made Swift champion the cause of the distressed Irish. Contaminated as his motives may have been, it is impossible not to recognise that their main element was a bitter contempt for the accepted values of religion, politics and current opinion.

Mr. Taylor's book is not primarily a Life of Swift, but he uses the material of his life—including the discoveries of modern research—to re-assess Swift's character. He writes excellently of the Stella mystery. He rejects the idea that Stella was either wife or mistress to Swift, and gives us persuasive reasons for accepting his view that Stella was the confidant and comfort of his bedevilled public life, an oasis in his wilderness of rancours. Mr. Taylor's interpretation of this relationship shows an unusual understanding of the psychology of an eccentric, and one is impressed again and again by the way he works out the ambiguous clues to the riddle of Swift. Even his minor references are significant, as when, commenting upon the coarseness of some of Swift's poems, he reminds us of a circumstance which helps to account for much of the obscenity of the eighteenth century—'He had a microscopic eye for the squalor of the toilet when there were no bathrooms and no running water in every bedroom'.

The book is a fine piece of scholarship—the chapters on *Gulliver's Travels* and on Swift's style particularly; but it has a stronger merit than this. It is written with a sensibility which helps us to see Swift not as a rather revolting gargoyle but as the victim of a volcanic temperament and an embittered idealism.

A History of Spanish Civilisation

By Rafael Altamira. Constable. 10s.

Our interest in Spain has been greatly deepened since the establishment of the Republic revealed to us that much had been happening under an apparent calm. A reissue of Don Rafael Altamira's celebrated *History* at a lower price is therefore very welcome, for not only is it unique as a book, but it is the work of a man who sprang from the cultural movement of which the political revolution was the outcome. Since the late fifties of the last century, when Sanz del Río returned from abroad to the University of Madrid, an intellectual renaissance had gathered slowly increasing power. It was in touch with the best liberal thought of Europe, and such a book as Señor Altamira's is typical of the liberal culture and scientific devotion to fact which possessed the minority in a country then noted for isolation, obscurantism and rhetoric.

The originality of his *History* lies in the fact that it is a history of a civilisation as well as a study of events. The invasions, the dynasties, the conquests and the wars have their place, but this place is beside an account of the arts, the crafts, the sciences, and the life which grew, flowered and changed in spite or because of them. The familiar gaps in history are filled in. And this method does not take the form of a single general essay, but is a piece of objective examination taken period by period. For example, the important years 1479 to 1517 (when the reconquest of Spain from the Moors was completed and spiritual greatness began to grow out of political unity) are searched not only for the tendencies of the laws and social organisation, but for the reasons why the national ideal crystallised around the ideas of imperialism and religious unity. Again, the discovery and conquest of South America, a matter usually treated in the

heroic manner, yields less the epic than the social and juridical story. These South American pages have special interest. Spain was the first great modern colonial power, and its language shares the New World with English; but in the Spanish-speaking countries we have the spectacle of a new race being formed out of the fusion of conquerors with conquered. The North American Indians have been virtually destroyed through war or contact; but the Spaniards of the fifteenth century, whatever excesses they committed, and excepting the Antilles, did not destroy the Indians. And Señor Altamira is able to point out that Spain was the first country to reject the juridical enslaving of the Indians:

The principle formed the basis of a legal ruling which had no precedent in the history of colonisation and no contemporary imitations. It was the most detailed and generous legislation for the protection of the natives that history has produced up to the present day (1914).

The law was, of course, widely abused. English seamen among others made a lucrative business out of human contraband. It was a way of making a fortune and breaking the foolish Spanish American monopoly. But the singularity is, as Señor Altamira points out, that the ruling Spaniards of the fifteenth century should have raised themselves spiritually so far above the practice of the times. It is that singularity which has freed Spanish America from the kind of problem the United States have in their southern states. The narrative proceeds from an account of tariff and currency problems of the times—'at that time it was thought that the principal wealth of a nation lay in possessing much currency'—to pages on literary and scientific knowledge, on architecture and the domestic arts. This is a typical chapter from its politics to its notes on music and ceramics. No name which has contributed something to civilisation in Spain is omitted. The book is well produced and beautifully illustrated.

Christianity and Economics. By A. D. Lindsay

Macmillan. 5s.

This volume contains the lectures given by the Master of Balliol on the foundation in memory of Scott Holland; and those who heard them delivered in Oxford have been eagerly waiting for their publication. Unambitious in form as they are, the lectures are full of pure gold within. As with so many of the Master's utterances they say a great deal more than they seem to say. They can be skimmed through very rapidly and leave no particularly firm impression; to appreciate how inspiring they are requires slow and meditative reading. So approached, they are immensely stimulating. The book will perhaps prove a disappointment to readers who had expected to find in it the outline of a 'Christian Sociology'. Indeed, it begins by recording disagreement with the thesis propounded by Mr. Tawney in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*—that brilliant first lecture on this foundation, which can never be far from the minds of his successors. There can be no question, says Dr. Lindsay, of reviving the 'mediaeval synthesis'. To condemn the assumption that economics is independent of morals and religion is by no means necessarily the same thing as to claim that economic organisation should depend upon, and be controlled by, the organised authority of religion. The ineffectiveness of that experiment was due, he suggests, to the fact 'that one set of men, the clergy, were laying down laws for another set of men, instead of teaching these men to lay down laws for themselves'. This is the true function of religion. And religion, as Von Hügel insisted, can only become the chief and central thing if it renounces the claim to be everything.

The secularisation of the political state has, he thinks, been a good thing for religion. To recognise the legitimate independence of politics from religious control gives religion its true place in politics. The state 'hinders hindrances to the good life', but it can only achieve its true purpose so far as the Church inspires and directs the common will of the people for whom it legislates. Thus, though it seems to give less place to religion, in fact it demands infinitely more of it. Similarly in the sphere of economics. The demand that economic relations should be transformed into ethical relations rests upon a confusion of thought. The exchange-relation is, in itself, something technical and non-moral. Where the moral factor resides is in the values and quality of the purpose which economic relations are meant to serve. In the vast complexity of our civilisation, these purposes become cross-purposes; the instrument has become an end in its own right, and instead of serving the purposes of consumers it dictates the conditions on which they may exist. Thus we live in a world of false values and impersonal, secondary relations, and the ends of personality are obscured. Religious and moral values, in other words, are becoming the servants of technical process. But as the function of law in political life depends for its fulfilment on a society rooted in personal life and moral values, so it is also in the exchange-

relation. Questions that are strictly and truly technical have their own legitimate independence: the indictment of the existing economic system is that persons and their moral purposes are subordinated to technical factors. Thus society is at present menaced by the dangerous and embittered division between those who control and those who are controlled. The resentment felt by the 'proletariat' is not against inequality of reward: it concerns human worth and personal dignity. For, as is shown in the interesting appendix on Labour organisation during the War, precisely the same resentment was felt by the 'employed' against the 'employers' when there was no question of cash-nexus, or of profit-making on the employers' side.

'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also'. The Christianisation of economic life is largely a matter of living for real values, and then of making technical process the servant of true personal relationships, of which friendship is the characteristic. 'A society of ruthless, unsoftened economic relations can be saved from anarchy only by a ruthless State'. It is not the business of the Christian conscience to issue pronouncements on technical issues, but to provide the spiritual conditions for evolving the right kind of organisation—to inspire men with respect for one another and 'a determination to treat one another as friends'.

Some people, no doubt, will call this 'old-fashioned'—and we are not sure that the Master would mind that. But it is a deeply-thought contribution to the Christianisation of economics. A book to keep and ponder.

**The Farmer's Year. Written and Engraved by
Clare Leighton. Collins. 10s. 6d.**

Those of our readers who enjoyed the fine woodcut which Miss Clare Leighton contributed to the cover of *THE LISTENER* last Christmas will appreciate the quiet beauty and dignity of her new work, a volume of wood-engravings, with accompanying word-pictures, of the life of the countryman. The sub-title of her book, which is remarkably moderate in price, is 'A Calendar of English Husbandry'; each month of the year is illustrated by a full-page woodcut about 10 inches by 8, representing some phase of farming activity, such as tree-logging, threshing, sow-

ing, sheep-shearing, and so forth. In the text opposite she gives us initial letters and tailpieces of flowers, country scenes and groups, and so forth. The essays themselves are an appropriate companion to the engravings—indeed, have much the same qualities of sincerity, strength, and tenderness. The power of Miss Leighton's woodcuts lies in her grouping of shadow and light, the rhythmic curves into which she sorts her landscape, and the combination which she manages to achieve of richness of tone with economy of effort. Since seeing is better than talking about works of art, we reproduce here two examples from her book which sufficiently illustrate its charm and vigour. In sheer point of size these engravings represent a remarkable effort of engraving; but Miss Leighton's qualities seem to gain rather than lose the larger the scale upon which she works.

**Wealden Glass. By S. E. Winbolt
Combridges, Hove. 10s. 6d.**

Here for the first time we have an admirable description of mediæval glass-working in the district where it was originally practised in England. It preserves a very good balance between the scholar with his delvings into records and the field archaeologist with his tangible finds. The locality dealt with is the Surrey-Sussex border with Chiddingfold (9 miles south of Guildford) as the centre. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century this was the principal glass-making district in England. The Roman tradition of glass-making had been kept alive in Normandy, whence came our first recorded glass-maker, one Laurence Vitrearius (glass-maker) who was granted land near Chiddingfold in 1226 and supplied glass to Westminster Abbey in 1240. The nave of Salisbury Cathedral was begun about this time, and the glass Dr. S. Baker has recovered from the town refuse dump bears a strong resemblance to our local contemporary glass, and may well be a Laurence product. This glass is *verre de fougère*, bracken ash being used as flux; it is a soft glass of a delicate green shade. From its start up to about 1600 when the Wealden industry finished, it was mainly in the hands of Frenchmen, latterly Huguenot refugees, who guarded the



Woodcut from *The Farmer's Year*, by Clare Leighton—February

December—another of the woodcuts in *The Farmer's Year*

craft carefully. The district was no doubt chosen because of the unlimited supplies of fuel and bracken; clay for crucibles and sand in pockets were available, while many small streams provided water. They could here ply their craft undisturbed within a short distance of London. Window-glass formed the bulk of the output, an increasing demand for which was incurred by the growing size of windows. The early glass, though beautiful, is of poor quality; but the latest workers produced a hard dark green soda glass, making vessels of a delicacy which shows strong Venetian influence. This district has still large areas of uncleared woodland in which some untouched furnace sites have been traced and dug. Thirteen furnace sites are now known, and accurate bearings are given; another dozen or so are reputed. The industry came to an end about 1600 when coal was increasingly used for fuel, and the iron-workers were competing for the local fuel supplies; then our glass-workers moved westward to settle in Gloucestershire.

Three early descriptions of glass-working are given, one by a monk, Theophilus, of the tenth or eleventh century, another by a Swedish monk, Månsson, in the early sixteenth century, the third from *De Re Metallica*, by Georgius Agricola, in 1550. Mr. Winbolt acknowledges his debt to the Rev. T. S. Cooper who began investigations in 1912.

Economic Equality in the Co-operative Commonwealth. By H. Stanley Jevons. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

There are some people who will be unable to read Professor Jevons' book and some who will be unwilling to try. Among the former will be those who believe that nothing serious is wrong with the world of our day, and among the latter those who are impatient of the incidents and processes of economic and social change. It would be about as profitable to recommend Professor Jevons' thoughtful pages to such people in our day as it would have been a century ago to argue with timid property-owners about the necessity of parliamentary reform. To those whose minds are not closed against new directions of thought this book can be offered with confidence. It is temperate in statement, non-partisan in aim and scientific in method. It envisages a commu-

nist future, but not a communist's future. Its author is totally opposed to class-war and the dictatorship of the proletariat. He is trying to describe the outlines of a commonwealth whose aim is social justice and whose ultimate basis is economic equality. Professor Jevons is in the direct line of succession, that is, to Robert Owen and Edward Bellamy.

It would be unfair to suggest that Professor Jevons is a mere Utopia-maker. In some measure, after all, every Utopia is an essay in social introspection and a criticism of an existing order. To uncover the future is to discover the present. Yet to write about economic equality is to pass beyond the sphere of economics, and so a considerable part of this book is concerned with the play of social forces and the movement of ideals, with the imponderables that cannot be measured by the economist's calculus or the statistician's measuring rod. The argument is none the less valid on that account, but it is to be noted that Professor Jevons assumes that the system of competitive production and international trade, as we have known it in the past and are suffering it now, cannot be made to endure permanently. The social wastes of the present order are becoming unbearable, and economic equality in a co-operative commonwealth is put forward as the alternative. The great aim of the book is to show that it is a *workable* alternative, and that it is necessary and realisable. Even the steps by which it can or will be brought about are lightly sketched in.

Criticism will centre round the author's analysis of recent history as well as his diagnosis of the weaknesses of the present economic order. He probably underrates the strength of economic nationalism, which has risen quite inevitably out of industrialism, and he certainly gives insufficient attention to the relationships that spring from the imperial commitments and ambitions of great powers and great business organisations in the world today. If Rousseau's democracy was possible only in small communities, so is Professor Jevons' economic equality—at any rate for a long time to come. Still, his argument is illuminating and his method a welcome change from that of the exponents of 'orthodox' economics, be they deflationists or inflationists or reflationists. And his thesis is a great deal more than mere optimism.

The Chronicles of a Florentine Family, 1200—1470

By Ginevra Niccolini di Camugliano. Cape. 15s.

The Chronicles of a Florentine Family is a slightly misleading title for these memoirs, which are in fact a series of vivid footnotes on the social and economic life of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Florence illustrated from the account books and records of the Niccolini family. The Marchesa Niccolini has explained adequately and without too much comment the intrigues among which the Niccolini family played their part, and if at times she assumes in the reader almost too little general knowledge the fault is not a serious one. Moreover, the book is admirably illustrated with reproductions of contemporary pictures carefully selected to show the various articles of dress and house furnishing that are from time to time mentioned in the memoirs. The chief value of these *Chronicles* lies in the picture which they reveal of life in renaissance Florence: almost every subject of interest is discussed, the education of children, marriage festivities and trousseaux, the use and abuse of medicines, the making of clothes, the selling, buying and cultivation of land, even the recovering of a feather bed or the patching of a gown. Probably the most striking peculiarity of social life revealed in these pages is the survival of the patriarchal element in the Florentine family. The head of the house has absolute control over every member of his household; marriageable daughters are kept under close supervision and their dress carefully regulated; sons remain in their father's house in a state of complete dependence until the time of their marriage; a wife must accept with equanimity the presence of one or more slave concubines among her servants, and must allow her husband's natural children to be brought up along with her own legally born sons. The Niccolini ladies were more fortunate than other contemporary Italian wives, for they had the tact and charm to accept and control the invidious situation in which they were placed, and to live in the utmost harmony with their husbands. Indeed, the affectionate and practical letters of Bartolomea Niccolini to her husband are among the best things in the book. The most interesting part of

the memoirs from the political point of view is the last, which deals with the diplomatic career of Bartolomea's husband, Otto Niccolini; his personality emerges more clearly than that of any other member of the family, and his missions at Rome and Naples reveal him as a subtle, persistent and honest diplomat. Marchesa Niccolini, in giving these memoirs to the English public, does something to fill a serious gap in the historical literature of our language on the social life of the Renaissance.

The Theatre in My Time. By St. John Ervine

Rich and Cowan. 6s.

This book should not only be read by those interested in dramatic art, but by that huge public which likes to be able to converse upon or take an interest in everything. Quite briefly Mr. Ervine tells us enough of the art, technique and management of the theatre to enable us to question and listen intelligently when theatre 'shop' is the subject of conversation and it is the one 'shop' which has a glamour even in golfing circles. For those who wish to make a study of the theatre here are a hundred subjects touched on which they will wish to pursue further. Written in Mr. Ervine's delicately humorous style, it is enjoyable reading from beginning to end, even if we think it is a pity that he felt obliged to devote the first hundred pages to the theatre before his time. The age we live in is a transitional age; nowhere is this more felt than in the theatre. In these pages we find a clear, though necessarily bird's-eye, view of the many changes caused by the advent of the revolutionary Bernard Shaw, and the mechanisation of amusement. Even the artists, in Mr. Ervine's opinion, are affected by the disease; aided and abetted by the producers they are bringing it inside the theatre, not only with canned music, for which the management must be blamed, but into their art; although we feel we must remark in defence of the actor that mechanised music is generally ear-splitting, and mechanised plays—i.e. films—generally over-emphasised. Mr. Ervine's chief complaint of the actors is that they are too quiet and 'natural', and no one can hear what they have to say. This is unfair! Mr. Ervine cannot have it both ways.

Before 1914

Fifty Years of Europe. J. A. Spender. Cassell. 21s.

THIS BOOK IS EXCELLENT IN PLAN AND EXECUTION, wise in judgment, and timely in appearance. It deserves a wide public, and can be recommended strongly to anyone who wants to understand the policy of Great Britain in the fifty years after 1870, and the reasons why a European War, involving this country, broke out in 1914. Most of the personal narratives of pre-War years have been written by men who have wished at least to justify, sometimes to apologise for, their own part in events. Here is a book written by a clever liberal-minded man whose 'daily duty as a journalist (for two-thirds of these fifty years) was to express opinions on the transactions' which he now describes. Mr. Spender has based his work on documents; at the same time he can bring to the close study of documents an invaluable contemporary knowledge of men, events, and opinions. His book is a good corrective not merely of partisan memoirs and autobiographies, but also of that 'too clever' doctrinaire interpretation of recent history which is the bane of our time. One is a little tired of the judgments passed upon British policy by critics who have no first-hand knowledge of the period before the War and have not faced the immense labour of studying the documentary material. The German legends about British policy have been swallowed all too readily by those whose inner light convinces them that their own country must always have been wrong. Moreover, Germany has had a long start even in the matter of documents. The great German series of diplomatic publications—some fifty volumes—made its appearance before the English and French were in the field. Few Englishmen indeed have read their own documents. The German series has been taken—especially in England and America—at its face value, although its very title begs a vital question. The series is called *Die grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette*; but few scholars or serious students outside Germany would delude themselves that the policy of the Great Powers could be understood from German documents alone. Even in the German documents one could point to glaring omissions. Professor Brandenburg's well-known book, honest and fair-minded though it is, is based mainly upon these German sources, and the German version of history, often in its crudest form, has been broadcast in textbooks and articles until Englishmen have come almost to be ashamed of the honourable part played by their own statesmen under the difficult conditions of Europe between 1870 and 1914.

Mr. Spender begins with the efforts of Bismarck to isolate France and escape from the logic of a situation created by his own mistakes. France could only be isolated by keeping the rest of Europe at loggerheads with her. Bismarck undertook cheerfully enough this task of maintaining discord, but his success

depended upon the possibility of maintaining close friendship with Russia and Austria. If Russia and Austria were divided by the Eastern Question, Germany would have to choose between them. If Germany chose Austria, Russia would ultimately gravitate towards France. Thus the Eastern Question, which Bismarck ostentatiously described as not worth to Germany the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier, really wrecked the whole Bismarckian system. Bismarck at least had a system, a plan which he adjusted skilfully to meet every emergency. The plan was near to collapse before his fall. After his fall, there was no unity about German policy. There was only an unfortunate continuity of method. The Germans acted on the assumption that 'a hesitating friend might be converted into a staunch one by a timely slap in the face'. They held that 'the display of the mailed fist was part of the technique of diplomacy at which no sensible person would take offence'. Their mistakes went deeper than mistakes of method. They misunderstood the nature of British sea-power; they did not realise that Great Britain, as an island state dependent upon imported food stuffs, paid for by the profits of commerce, dared not take any risk of defeat at sea. They drove the British government, at a moment when public opinion in Great Britain inclined more towards Germany than towards France, into the camp of the potential enemies of the German Empire. When they had become entangled in a net of their own making, the Germans refused to come to any naval understanding with Great Britain, and therefore forced this country into still closer association with France and Russia. Germany isolated herself in Europe. The term 'isolation' is indeed too weak, since German statesmen tied themselves to the slowly sinking empire of the Habsburgs. Mr. Spender rightly points to the fateful months before July 1914, when William II drifted from the policy of attempting to hold Austria back to the policy of encouraging Austria to force the issue; a policy which must end in a European war. This European war entered into German and Austrian calculations. Time was against Germany and her ally. Every year in which war was delayed lessened the German and Austrian chances of victory. The Chief of the Austrian General Staff thought that the most favourable time had already gone by. The plans for forcing the issue had been discussed before the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, though this assassination shifted the area of conflict to even more dangerous ground, and the crisis came more suddenly and more violently than was expected. The rest is known to us. Mr. Spender has done a great service in putting the facts so clearly, since these facts belong to the present as well as to the recent past.

E. L. WOODWARD

New Novels

The Ladies. By Stanley Hopkins. Harper. 7s. 6d.

As the Unicorn. By Henry Romilly Fedden. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Journey of 'The Flame'. By Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Bell. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE LADIES has one of the essential qualities of a good novel: that it creates its own atmosphere and gives its characters a world and a native air of their own to breathe. That world, just like the actual one, provides its inhabitants with all the things necessary for the fulfilment of their destinies, whether happy or unfortunate; and they have their being in it so completely that any breath of crude outside reality would kill them as a draught of interstellar ether would kill us. The power to create a world such as this is granted only to writers who conceive their themes in terms of pure imagination. That means something more than the imaginative recreation of some selected experience, which so often provides the subject-matter for novels. It is rather the result of a writer's total experience, which, passed through his imagination, has been completely and logically transformed. The historical novelist tries to achieve this transformation by adventitious aids, and that is probably why historical novels give such a sense of false ease. They treat of worlds which are already created; and although the imagination can recapture these worlds and waken them to life again, it cannot give them form, for time and history have already done that. The historical novelist may show, perhaps, that the underlying pattern of human existence was the same in the time of Abelard or of Henry Esmond as it is now and as it has always been; but to do that is itself to undermine the basis of the historical novel, for if the pattern is always the same why go to the eighteenth or some earlier century to discover it when it is at one's doorstep?

The Ladies has a design; it creates a world of its own and characters who draw their life from it. As long as their world remains a whole in the author's mind they, too, are perfectly real, for they subsist in it. But as soon as its outlines waver and fade they waver and fade along with it, and the action falls to pieces. Something like this seems to have happened in Mr. Hopkins' novel. The plan of the story, like that of our astronomical universe, is one of continuous expansion. It begins with Captain Flood, a Southern gentleman and a high-minded vampire, and his family of yearning daughters. The captain (an admirable portrait) dies; his daughters, whose possible suitors he has frightened away for years, find themselves marooned in their large house on the outskirts of a forsaken village in one of the Southern States. There is Callie, the eldest, whose self-sacrifice permits her to tyrannise over all the others; Bess, the second, resolved to seize the chance which her post in a country school and her drive to and from it every day give her; Laura, easy-going and warm-hearted, bearing her lot with languid composure; and Mattie, the spoilt youngest sister, who tries, each time in vain, to steal her sisters' suitors and finally has to fall back on a clandestine flirtation with a married man, from which Callie insists on saving her. The picture of this household of desperate women with their recurrent headaches, their helplessness, their quarrels and reconciliations, their jealousies, their irrational outbursts, is extraordinarily vivid and moving. But then the sisters separate, and the process of expansion begins which finally breaks the mould of the story. Laura gets married to Edward Gay, a wastrel, and acquires a separate and very unhappy life of her own; Bess in desperation throws herself at the head of Clyde Cover, a casual labourer, who carries her away to Detroit, and after six years deserts her there with her young daughter Liliass, driving her to suicide. Next Nona Gay, Mattie's bosom friend, takes a leading part in the story along with her husband, her mother-in-law and her son. Nona, with her happy matter-of-factness, is obviously intended as a foil to the Flood sisters, but excellent though she is as a character, she seriously upsets the balance of the story. Next the fortunes of Laura's unhappy household are followed, and though they are brilliantly described they lead the action farther still from the centre. Laura dies in childbirth, and now only Mattie and Callie remain. Mattie, having failed to marry or to excel in any other way, is a nervous wreck who is kept going with morphine and whisky, and Callie, at last tired of being the conscience of the family, relapses into complacent apathy enlivened with gossip. Liliass, Bessie's daughter, remains with her in the dilapidated house, an almost willing victim;

She had found her own place. It was here in the calm old crumbling house, sitting in the porch with the other old ladies, waiting on them, growing to be like them, mellowing after them into old age through the long indolent days and the long quiet nights—a peaceful, empty, aimless life that was only a painless slow ripening into the inevitable bland fruit of death.

This paragraph, the last in the book, is probably the best explanation why it is not as remarkable as it promised to be.

Mr. Hopkins rolls up unnecessary scenes and characters with the same ease as he hitches on superfluous adjectives. He is not so much a bad as a wasteful writer; for though he uses the maximum number of words, he does secure his effects. The first paragraph is typical of the whole book:

Captain Flood walked across his side yard to the chairs under the walnut tree. . . . When he reached his goal he turned, grasping the chair's back, and looked at his house and felt again the sustaining sense of position, of security, of authority the sight gave him. He knew that the moment and his own emotion called for an attitude, and his body straightened, his free hand sought his breast and slipped between the buttons of his high white waistcoat, and he lifted his face, long and lean and vacant and noble, like an old dog, an old horse, an old statesman, and closed his eyes.

That is garrulous; yet it renders an impression exactly, and almost everything that Mr. Hopkins describes has exactitude. For that reason this remains a remarkable first novel.

As the Unicorn is also a first novel. The plot is slight, the characterisation without solidity; but the style is of unusual precision and grace. There are three main characters, all somewhat bloodless, and more capable of analysing their feelings than of feeling. Martin, a rich and intelligent hedonist, marries Miranda because he feels that she will never be important enough to pierce the façade he has laboriously constructed for himself. His cousin Benjamin, a painter who is cursed with more impressionability than constancy of direction, a prey to every new sight he sees or emotion he feels, falls in and out of love with Miranda in a few months, seeks in vain for something to give his life stability, and is finally drowned in a river near his cousin's house in France while stretching from his canoe for a water lily just beyond his reach. The main fault and the main virtue of the story may be indicated by saying that while the love affair between Miranda and Benjamin is quite unconvincing, Benjamin's analysis of its various phases is often of the highest interest. One cannot help feeling, with however little ground, that Mr. Fedden's style has something to do with this. It has throughout an air of precision and is at times exquisitely precise; but it has also a uniform neatness which gives the effect of making everything look neat, sometimes incongruously, as when it treats of the emotion of love. But where it has something palpable to work on it can be very good, as for instance:

One of the beauties of a procession, indeed of all movement, is the realisation it brings when past, of stillness, of the immovability of the shapes that remain. The night becomes heavy and solid, the façades of the houses demand to be touched.

Where it is less fortunate it maintains the same appearance of exactitude, but is at the same time quite unconvincing:

A novel was to be finished which would give the final impetus to his reputation. He must concentrate on putting a little more into it; there were serious, though not obvious, deficiencies. Under the direction of his intellect, the future spread itself out into a series of fascinating moves and countermoves, developments and expositions. It became a success, a progression, an analytical game, a mental lucidity.

This is an example of the fallacious neatness which the author's style imposes upon his subject matter, for one cannot believe that even Martin's future would appear quite so tidy to him as that. The book is a disconcerting mixture of original and penetrating observation and false finesse, and one never knows when the transition will come; it may happen in the middle of a sentence. Mr. Fedden has nevertheless an unusual sensitiveness to impressions; some of his descriptions are exquisite; some of his analyses of states of feeling subtle and pointed. In spite of its faults this, too, is a first novel of remarkable quality.

The Journey of 'The Flame' is a straightforward if rambling story of the adventures of a boy who accompanied the Spanish Inspector-General, Don Firmin Sanhudo, in his tour of the Spanish Colonies from Lower California to San Francisco in 1810. It is supposed to be related by the hero more than eighty years later on his hundredth birthday. It is a most lively entertainment, told with much humour and skill and with unflagging vigour. It never declines into a mere vapid succession of adventures; it is full of curious information and still more curious invention; and the hero himself is a credible and impressive figure. An excellent book for passing a few hours with enjoyment.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Bird of Dawning*, by John Masefield (Heinemann); *Christmas Tree*, by Lady Eleanor Smith (Gollancz); *Old-Fashioned Tales*, by Zona Gale (Appleton)—all 7s. 6d.

Foreign Books

French Literature of Today

FRENCH tradition in the study of the history of religion is neither so solid nor so continuous as the German. After the eighteenth-century discoveries of Astruc, who struck the first great blow in that field by proving that the Pentateuch was the work of several hands, the spirit of research left France and passed over into German hands. This was due largely to the French revolution, which set State and Church quarrelling. The French revolutionary tradition, which still largely rules State activities in France, was set against religion and encouraged lay philosophy as against even metaphysics. 'L'étude de l'esprit humain' replaced theology. During the periods when the revolutionaries were beaten, their adversaries, the royalists, re-established the Catholic Church whose reign was also unfavourable to the history of religion. So on both counts that science fared badly, and even today, the number of teachers of religious history in French Universities is ridiculously small as compared with German Universities.

Yet the French managed on some occasions to create a sensation. Renan's *Life of Jesus*, which was nothing very much beyond vulgarisation of German ideas, attained a celebrity which no German could get, through the magic of pure style. Totally antiquated as it is and will remain for evermore, yet it will always be read, since, to the connoisseur in literature, there are few choicer treats—this in spite of some singular lapses in taste, as it now seems to us, in the appreciation of the character of Jesus. But the force of good prose lasts for ever.

During the last thirty years, however, the French have made a great effort in the field. Durkheim, Lévy-Brühl and Delacroix have given a great impulse to the psychological study of religion; in the field of Indian religion, no name ranks higher than that of Sylvain Lévi; and in the special line of Christian studies the name of Loisy goes with the names of Harnack and Wellhausen. As compared with German scholars, the French are less prone to be run away with by the spirit of systematisation and I believe it can be said that they have more general commonsense and a more human outlook. Indeed, Renan's faults came from his being all too human.

Charles Guignebert, who is Professor of History of the Christian Religion at the Sorbonne, adds to those French qualities an erudition that no German can afford to look down upon. His book on Jesus (690 pp.)*, published this year, is the last word of historical science, for the time being, anyway. Guignebert has no theory to prove. He is purely an historian, and this book is the result of some forty years of research. Guignebert has no religious ideas, and no religious feelings. Some critics have impeached him on that ground. But they are themselves sentimentalists. The historian ought to have no feelings; Guignebert is as impartial as a delegate from another planet investigating our peculiarities. Sentiment has only a right to begin on its own domain once it has gone past Guignebert's region; otherwise it is no genuine religious feeling, but mere self-deception.

The verdict on the first two points will be reassuring to religious souls; Guignebert, after a careful weighing of the arguments for the accusation, rejects them; for the historian, the existence of Jesus is a fact, and the Crucifixion is a fact. Here is Guignebert's summary against the 'myth' idea:

'A toutes ces questions dont il serait trop facile d'allonger la liste, les négateurs n'apportent aucune réponse satisfaisante. Il suffit de lire nos Evangiles pour voir qu'à cet homme qui devrait, s'il était voulu et inventé, intéresser beaucoup les rédacteurs, ils ne s'intéressent réellement pas du tout. Et voilà bien pourquoi la pseudo-biographie qu'ils nous donnent de lui si déficiente. En vérité, cet homme, ce Jésus, c'est déjà pour eux le Christ; ils subissent son humanité; leur récit est fait de variations légendaires sur une réalité qui les gêne et dont ils n'auraient pas été de gaité de cœur s'encombrer. D'autre part, comment les Juifs, si bien placés pour être renseignés, et qui ont si rudement polémique contre les chrétiens autour de la personne du Christ, n'ont-ils pas eu l'idée de couper court à toute discussion en proclamant tout net; il n'a pas existé? Le Talmud cherche à avilir Jésus, il ne le rejette pas au néant.

'Le meilleur témoin de l'historicité de Jésus c'est, du reste, ce Paul dont on prétend faire le principal appui du mythisme. Certes son Christ est un être divin; accordons aux mythologues—en forçant les termes—que c'est un dieu, mais c'est un dieu qui a été un homme, ou le paulinisme n'a aucun sens. Il faut, pour que se réalise le mystère que prêche l'Apôtre, que le Seigneur ait été un homme véritable. La crucifixion mythique d'un dieu, la mort illusoire d'un être inexistant est tout à fait étrangère au réalisme paulinien. Aussi Paul affirme-t-il que,

selon la chair—et Paul sait qu'il aurait pu le connaître dans la chair—le Seigneur sortait de la race de David, qu'il a voulu, pour obéir à Dieu, se manifester sous une figure d'homme et accepter une pénible destinée humaine, terminée sur la croix. C'est donc bien d'un homme qu'il s'agit, d'un homme qui puisse souffrir et mourir'.

In Guignebert's conclusions as to the trial and death of Jesus quite a fair share is apportioned to the believers; but many things also will offend them. Guignebert thinks that the writers of those parts of the Gospels suffered already of a Hitler-like hatred of the Jews, so that as much as possible of the responsibility for the Crucifixion is put on the Sanhedrin. The idea that a Roman Procurator should send Jesus to the Tetrarch of Galilee pains the historian as the *maiserie* of an ignorant early Christian.

'Aux yeux des Evangélistes, c'est le Seigneur qui a été condamné par un sacrilège abominable, hors de toute mesure, encore que rigoureusement nécessaire et voulu de Dieu; Pilate, lui, n'a pensé frapper qu'un illuminé galiléen, pas bien dangereux par lui-même sans doute, mais qu'il convenait de ne pas laisser plus longtemps jouer avec le feu. Aussi la sentence et ses suites ont-elles pu troubler le juge beaucoup moins que le narrateur. En vérité, ce dernier nous laisse hors de l'histoire, surtout parce qu'il ne se place pas lui-même en elle. Ce qui reste vraisemblable, c'est que le Nazaréen a été arrêté par la police romaine, jugé et condamné par le procurateur romain, Pilate ou un autre'.

The final conclusion on the trial is as follows:

'La vérité, s'il est permis de chercher à l'entrevoir sous des combinaisons qui lui sont si étrangères, paraît être ceci: Jésus a été arrêté par la police romaine, peut-être sur la dénonciation des gens du Temple, comme prédicateur messianiste. Il a été traduit devant le Procurateur; il a avoué ce qu'il croyait être sa mission, ou il a été convaincu sur enquête facile à établir. Personne ne l'a défendu, et le peuple ne s'est pas ému parce qu'un prophète, un homme qui annonce le Grand Miracle et qui se laisse saisir par les goyim, perd du coup autorité et prestige. Jésus a donc été condamné. En vertu de quel texte juridique? On a pensé à la *lex Julia maiestatis* qui, selon le jurisconsulte Paul, entraîne la crucifixion, ou, *pro qualitate dignitatis*, l'exposition aux bêtes ou la relégation dans une île. Je ne crois pas que Pilate, ou tel autre procurateur, ait pris grand souci d'étayer son jugement d'un texte; responsable de l'ordre, il s'arrête à la mesure qu'il croit utile au maintien de l'ordre, en vertu de des pouvoirs généraux. En l'espèce, il n'avait pas à s'embarrasser de scrupules de stricte légalité et je pense que les Juifs auraient été bien surpris de voir Pilate le faire'.

As for the Slavonic Josephus about whom so much noise has been made recently, Guignebert is not much moved by it:

'Assurément, s'il nous était permis de prendre au sérieux le témoignage du Joseph slave, donc de nous représenter Jésus comme un agitateur messianique que ses partisans veulent jeter à l'assaut de Jérusalem et dont ils espèrent qu'il va les délivrer du joug des Romains; s'il fallait nous arrêter aux fantastiques déductions que l'imagination et l'inspiration de M. Eisler ont tirées de ce texte ruineux il serait possible de restituer au Nazaréen la prétention que lui supposent les Evangiles. Il faudrait d'abord accepter, bien entendu, que nos rédacteurs ont outrageusement menti, tous, de la première à la dernière ligne de leur récit, chaque fois qu'ils nous ont représenté cette messianité de Jésus sous les espèces qu'ils lui prêtent, et que le Joseph slave doit être regardé comme l'étalon authentique de la vérité. Les efforts conjugués de M. Eisler et de M. Salomon Reinach ne sont point parvenus à me convertir à des vues si révolutionnaires. Elles ne s'autorisent que d'une méthode d'enquête à mon sens totalement inacceptable. Je ne pense pas qu'il se trouve un seul exégète averti et prudent pour me donner tort. Alors, il nous faut nous en tenir aux données de nos textes canoniques'.

All we really do know historically is that Jesus was born in Galilee (not at Bethlehem) at a date which cannot be fixed within fifteen or twenty years, that he preached the coming of the Kingdom and came to think of himself as a prophet (not as the Messiah and not as the Son of God), that he went to Jerusalem, perhaps in expectation of a triumph, caused some small disturbance and was executed by the Romans. The disciples were terrified by this execution, but their faith was unbroken, although their courage failed. Their faith grew in defeat and rose to the vision of Jesus resurrected and to the conception of Him as the Messiah. And of this vision and this conception Christianity was born.

DENIS SAURAT

**Jésus*. By Charles Guignebert